THE UNION JACK COVER.

Above is the spot—it is there only to fix your attention—you should look at after staring at the one in the centre of the Union Jack on the cover, in order to see the flag in its proper colours.

Place your finger between this page and the advertisement page on its left before staring at the cover, so that you can turn to the spot above immediately after gazing at the one on the cover.

It is a curious fact that this trick works differently on different people: on some it works instantaneously; on others only after long scrutiny of both pages. In case, therefore, your attempt has no satisfactory result at first, try again, increasing the length and intensity of your scrutiny.

The reason you see the flag in its correct colours on looking at a blank page after staring at the blue and yellow cover is this: The retina of the eye becomes so saturated with the colours of the cover you have stared at that the relief of turning to a blank page causes a reaction, and the eyes see the ghost of the design but in its complementary or opposite colours. Thus the black appears white, the green appears red, and the yellow appears blue.

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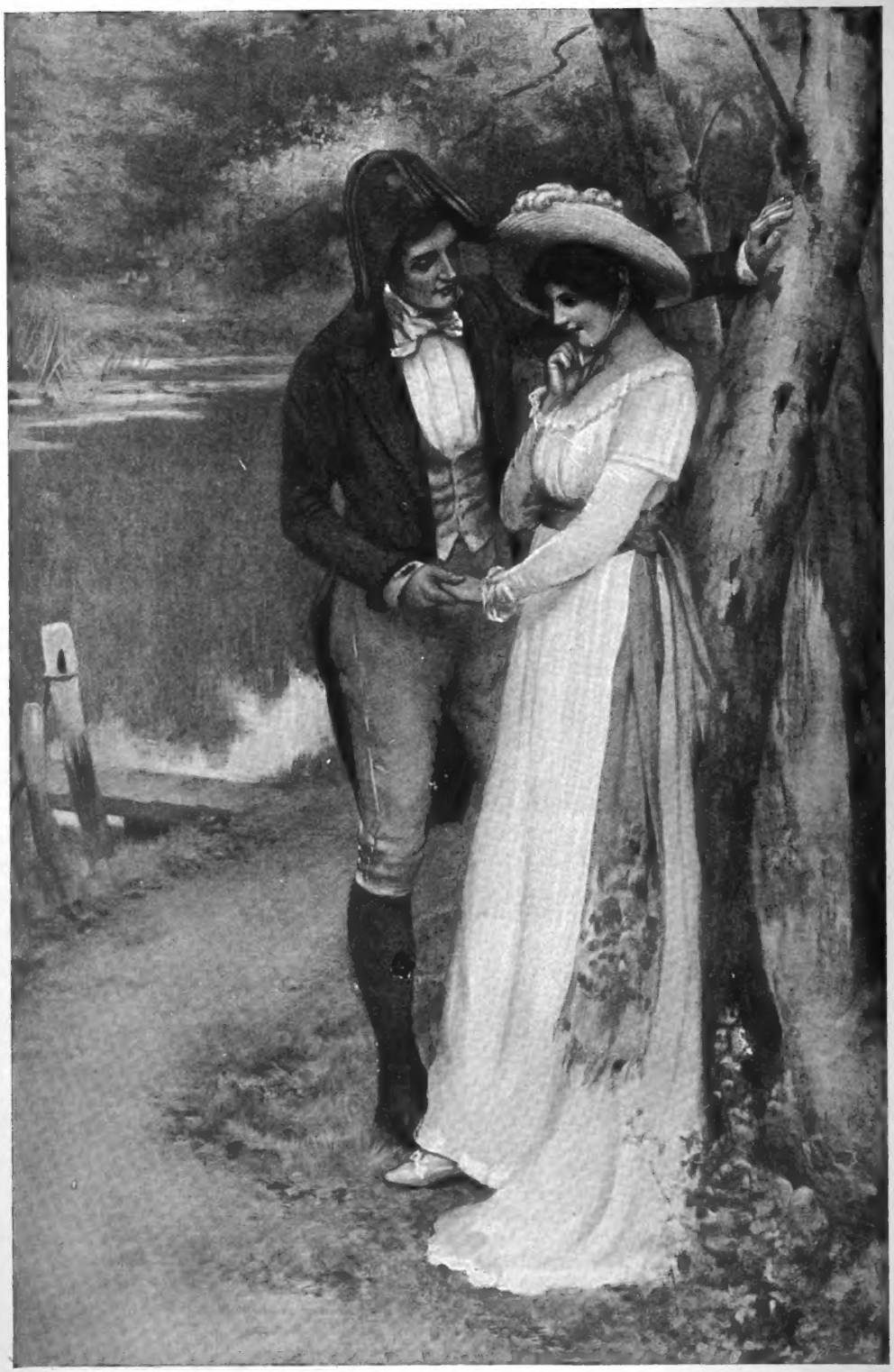

By permission of A. Vivian Mansell & Co., 21 & 22 Chapel St. E.C.

"A SWEET SURRENDER."

From the Painting by G. Sheridan Knowles.

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My Most Treasured Possession

What our Popular Players would Least Gladly Part With.

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ISABEL JAY.

Miss Isabel Jay's Most Treasured Possession is Her Little Daughter.

"My most treasured possession," says Miss Isabel Jay, "is my little girl. I am afraid you will say, after looking at her portrait, that she does not show very great signs of becoming a power in literature, judging from the slight attention she is paying to her writing in the picture.

"The fact is, however, that she was very anxious to come out looking nice and so make a good photo; and this, I am sure you will admit, she has done very well."

Everyone will grant that Miss Jay's most treasured possession is very delightful, and "just like mamma." After all, why need one bother about being a power in literature when one is pretty and charming—just like mamma in fact?

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

SEYMOUR HICKS.

Mr. Seymour Hicks Prizes the Art of Getting Forty Winks.

"My most treasured possession," says breezy Mr. Seymour Hicks, "is the one which enables me to enjoy all the others that are mine. I lead a pretty active life, which might soon lay me on the shelf were I not able to lay in fresh stores of energy between times.

"Then, when I am not rehearsing, or writing a fresh play, or attending to business matters, or keeping appointments, I sometimes have the chance of a nap which will drive off the fatigues of the day and prepare me for another long spell of hard work.

"Now, if I found myself unable to sleep when such an opportunity presented itself, there's no knowing what might happen to my health, but as I have the gift of being able to drop asleep at these odd times, I think I ought to count this as my most treasured possession, because, without it, I should probably linger but a short while longer in this vale of tears."

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield*

PHYLLIS DARE.

Miss Phyllis Dare Prizes her Father Above Everything in the World.

"I can answer your question without any hesitation at all," remarked Miss Phyllis Dare with a bewitching smile; "my most treasured possession is my Dad! All my pleasantest recollections—apart, of course, from my luck on the stage—are connected with him, and he has always been so much of a companion (as opposed to his merely parental position) to me that I should indeed feel ungrateful were I not to proclaim him as my treasure now that I have the chance!

"I am sure you will admit that we are kindred spirits after glancing but once at the photograph, which was taken during one of the long wal s in the country about which we are both of us very keen indeed."

Ah! but some day Prince Charming will put in his appearance, and what about poor father then?

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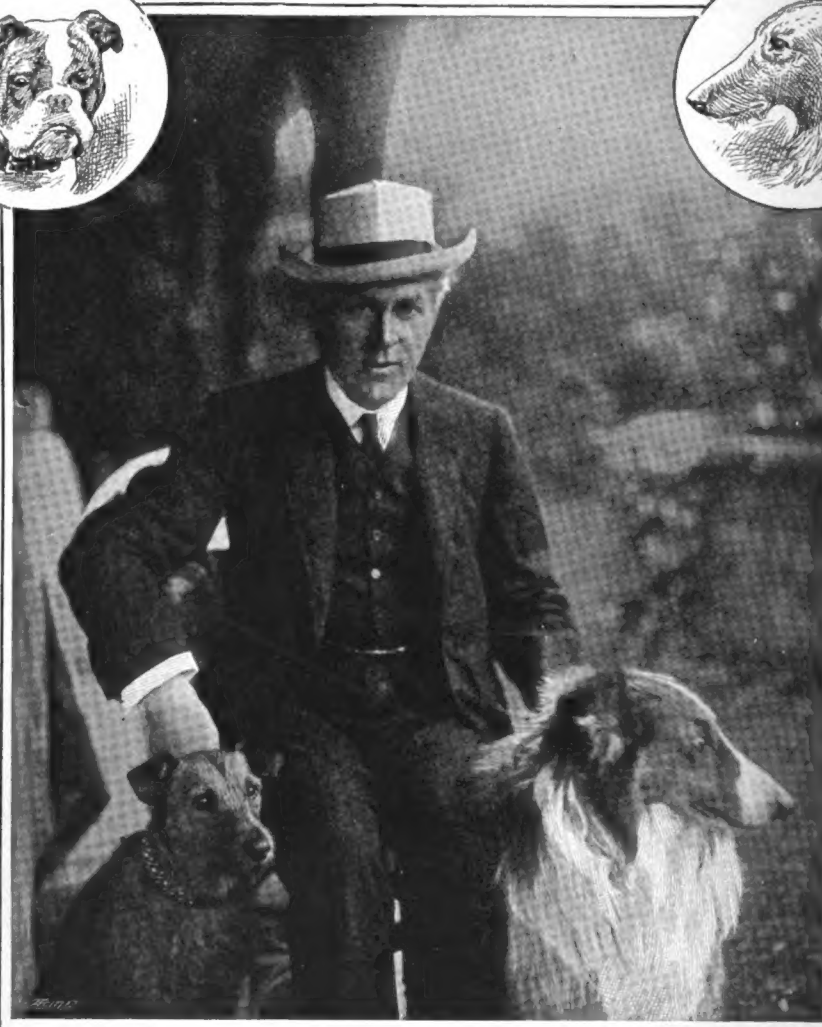

Photo *Fontsham & Banfield.*

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Mr. George Alexander Finds the Question, "What is Your Most Treasured Possession?" a Hard One.

"It is difficult to say which of my possessions is the most treasured, but my dogs are very dear to me," observes Mr. George Alexander.

Possibly he suffers from an *embarras de richesses* and has so many highly-prized possessions that the choice of one more precious than all the others is well-nigh impossible.

Thus he is in the awkward predicament of the little boy who, asked whether he preferred a jam tart or a bun, burst into tears and sobbed: "I want them both."

However, Mr. Alexander is to be envied if his dogs reciprocate his affection, for what dearer friend can a man have than a faithful dog?

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield*

MARIE STUDHOLME.

Miss Marie Studholme Adores her Fishing-Rod.

"I sometimes get rather tired of the smokiness and bustle of London, so that my most treasured possession is one which reminds me of the more peaceful scenes to be met with in the country." Thus Miss Marie Studholme. "It hangs in a case upon the wall, and when I look at it—especially in winter time when there is a thick fog outside—I think of bright sunshine and wavy trees and sparkling water.

"It is partly these memories that endear this possession of mine to me, but it is also because we have had some most enjoyable days together, to say nothing of the delicious breakfasts with which it has so often provided me. Therefore, for all these reasons, I do not think I can do better, when selecting my most treasured possession, than to choose my fishing-rod."

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

GEORGE ROBEY.

This Umbrella means Much to Mr. George Robey.

"When I was Mayor of Muckham Dyke I possessed a very beautiful umbrella which had been bequeathed unto me by an ancient and greatly-loved aunt of mine. Its handle was of the purest ivory twisted about with rich silver ornamentation, and the wood was of a most rare and valuable quality that had been dipped into a very beautiful varnish, thus enhancing its value by several sixpences.

"A scurvy fellow named Jones, who envied me the possession of this heirloom, succeeded in abstracting my umbrella from the Council Chamber while I was in the act of voting for a new handle to the town pump (which was sorely needed).

"Upon the third day after the institution of a search my umbrella was restored to me, while he whom they called Jones was cast into dungeon deep. That day was made a public holiday at Muckham Dyke; the town was decorated! and I, in my mayoral robes, with umbrella in hand, was photographed specially.

"I need scarcely add that the umbrella is my most treasured possession."

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Photo Foulsham & Banfield.

GERTIE MILLAR.

Miss Gertie Millar being an Ardent Devotee of Lawn Tennis, has no Difficulty in Choosing her Favourite Possession.

"I am always glad when the summer comes with boating and tennis to while away the long afternoons, and my most treasured possession is my tennis racquet, which I use a great deal during the months which are—or, rather, which ought to be—hot, while in winter time I keep it near me so that in looking at it I may be reminded of the summer which is to come next.

"It is a true friend, that brings me nothing but pleasant memories and cheerful anticipations."

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ELLALINE TERRISS.

Miss Ellaline Terriss Prefers her Little Girl to Any Other Possession.

Like Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Ellaline Terriss replies "my little girl" to the question, "What is your most treasured possession?"

"My most treasured possession," she says, "is my little daughter, who, as you may see from her expression in the picture, considers that being photographed is a very serious undertaking. Like her father, Miss Hicks leads a very active life, being on the run for a considerable period of every day in the week, and it cannot be said that her labours are without result, unless wet boots, damp stockings, and dirty frocks count for nothing.

"When not engaged in providing employment for washerwoman and nurse, my little treasure, like her father, exercises her capacity for dropping off to sleep at odd times, and wakes up ready for fresh adventures in field or garden."

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MY AUNTS AND THE FIREBRICKS

Aunt Tabitha's Great Idea, and What Came of It.

By Richard Starr.

"The very thing," said my Aunt Tabitha, looking up from *Home Clippings* with a peculiar smile, which was a certain indication to those who knew her that she had made a fresh discovery in household economy.

My Aunt Tabitha is a maiden lady of fifty-seven summers, and *Home Clippings* is a penny periodical devoted to short and serial fiction, art, literature, the drama, dressmaking, and a few other oddments. Its chief attraction to my Aunt Tabitha and my Aunt Caroline was a page called "Household Hints," wherein he who wished could find a positively appalling amount of concentrated wisdom and experience touching the home and its duties. A weekly half-guinea was offered to readers for the hint which in the opinion of the editress was most calculated to lighten the cares of home life or to accentuate its artistic attractions.

Once on a time Aunt Tabitha had secured that half-guinea for a recipe for cleaning enamelled saucepans, and from that time forward *Home Clippings* had been an essential part of the little establishment, almost the only luxury which was permitted to obtrude itself upon the rigid scheme of economy by which the house was governed.

My Aunt Caroline was two years younger than her sister, and, generally speaking, was everything that Aunt Tabitha was, except, of course, in the matter of literary distinction. They lived their placid lives together in a little, creeper-shadowed cottage deep in a Surrey dale, with septuagenarian Dan'l Goodman as an occasional outside help.

I have said that economy was the watchword of the little household. It was imperative that it should be so. The annuity on which the old ladies lived was so small that economy was essential—perhaps not quite so essential as they made it; but they had been careful all their lives, and to them scarcely any sin loomed so large as that of extravagance.

It must not, however, be supposed that economy was carried to the extent of meanness. When visitors came the prodigality was almost alarming. Cakes and delicacies were prepared and even bought recklessly. Wines of rare vintage—elderberry, cowslip, rhubarb and black currant—made by Aunt Caroline, were brought out and pressed upon the company with embarrassing persistence. There was even a bottle of whisky for those who wanted it, and a box of cigars kept specially for my infrequent visits; and, such was my love for the old ladies that I smoked them, and shall always smoke them whenever they are offered

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to me. But in private life my aunts were always on the look-out for a chance of effecting further economies, and nothing pleased them so much as to alight upon a hint in *Home Clippings* by which some saving might be encompassed or some waste prevented.

It would be unwise to proceed without a word or two about Dan'l Goodman. I suppose his correct name was Daniel, but he was never called anything but Dan'l. His sole claim to distinction was that he had seen seventy years, and could still do a moderate day's manual labour. He was honest and slow-witted, and although there was no doubt whatever about his honesty, there was still less about his slowness of general comprehension. But he invariably did his best according to his lights. He lived by doing odd jobs for the cottagers, and was always sure of one and sometimes two days a week from my aunts, either in the garden or in the house.

But to return to the story. Needless to say Aunt Tabitha's remark was addressed to my Aunt Caroline. The cause of the excitement was of course the prize "Household Hint" in the current *Home Clippings*, which Dan'l had just brought from the newsagent's. Eagerly Aunt Tabitha pointed it out; as eagerly Aunt Caroline peered at the page.

This was the prize "Hint":

"In almost every household a considerable quantity of coal-dust is wasted annually. This waste can be prevented and considerable economy effected in the following manner: Procure a quantity of ordinary clay in a plastic condition; well mix with an equal quantity of coal-dust and fashion into bricks. These will be found to burn well and afford a cheerful fire."

The paragraph was headed "Home-made Firebricks." Both my aunts went almost into hysterics of delight. Nothing could have been more opportune. In the big cellar beneath the house the store of coal-dust had been accumulating in a corner until it had become a considerable pile. My aunts would never have thrown it away. They did their best to work it in with the coal, but in spite of all their efforts the store gradually increased. Here was a brilliant proof of Aunt Tabitha's favourite maxim: "Keep a thing and you will find its use."

Dan'l was called in from the garden. The scheme was explained fully in all its bearings. Dan'l appeared to understand. At any rate, he scratched his head, and there was a light in his eyes which might have been intelligence.

Did Dan'l know where there was any clay?

Dan'l did.

Could Dan'l take it?

Dan'l could.

Did Dan'l think he could make firebricks according to the half-guinea specification set forth in "Household Hints"?

Dan'l paused irresolute.

"All you have to do is just to mix the clay with the coal-dust," said Aunt Tabitha.

"Just mix them," echoed Aunt Caroline.

Dan'l still scratched and was still irresolute.

"What is the matter?" asked Aunt Tabitha in dismay. "Isn't the clay plastic"?

Dan'l looked alarmed.

"Isn't it soft?"

"Sorter stiff like," murmured Dan'l.

"Well, how does clay become soft?" said Aunt Tabitha coaxingly. "Mix it with water until you get it to the proper consistency—er, softness—and then, well—then just mix it with the coal-dust."

Ah! Dan'l's eyes brightened. He understood. After that all was plain sailing. It was arranged that Dan'l should take the barrow and fill it with clay at a spot which he knew of several fields distant. That he should as a first step take one barrow load into the cellar, and there manufacture it into home-made firebricks as specified.

Like all great inventions it was all so simple that Aunt Tabitha wondered she had never thought of it before. The process was so obvious, and the ingredients so few—merely clay, coal-dust, and water—that even Dan'l could be trusted not to make a serious mistake, and consequently my aunts, who had arranged to spend the afternoon with my wife, had no misgivings when they abandoned Dan'l to his task.

Food was left for him in the kitchen, and he was told to make his own tea when he wanted it. He was also to keep the fire going in the sitting-room, and, as there was no back entrance, he was to be sure to wipe his shoes on the hall mat every time he came in. This was an injunction which was never omitted from any instructions from my aunts to Dan'l, for, in their eyes, next to extravagance, there was no sin like dirt. From cellar to attic the little cottage was as spotless as my aunts' snowy caps.

They left soon after noon, and as the train steamed out of the little station they could just descry the figure of Dan'l ponderously trundling his barrow across the field in front of the house.

Dan'l pursued his task with such enthusiasm as is possible at seventy years. He

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Dan'l was called in from the garden. The scheme was explained fully in all its bearings. Dan'l appeared to understand. At any rate, he scratched his head, and there was a light in his eyes which might have been intelligence.

encountered many difficulties, but he attacked them all, and more or less overcame them with the same stolid imperturbability with which he met all the other problems of life.

The clay was as he described it, "sorter stiff," and the spade work was heavy. It took more than an hour to fill the barrow, and by that time the barrow itself was firmly stuck in the clay bed. In the fight to extricate it, Dan'l got stuck himself, and had literally to dig his feet out with the spade.

But Dan'l triumphed eventually, and got both himself and the barrow out of the toils. His boots were heavy with masses of clay. Clay clung tenaciously to his trousers almost to the knees, but his heart was light, for he had achieved the first portion of his task.

He left the barrow at the door, found a pail, and made many pilgrimages from the barrow to the cellar. He did not, of course, forget the injunction about wiping his boots. But clay, unfortunately, has a curious adhesiveness entirely its own, and although Dan'l spent almost as long upon the doormat as if Aunt Tabitha herself had been watching him, it is to be borne in mind that the amount of clay on Dan'l's boots was considerable, and the mat was a small one.

He was punctiliously conscientious, and wiped his boots at every pilgrimage. But the clay was plentiful. In filling the pails much fell on the ground, and most of it found its way to Dan'l's boots. In time the doormat was obliterated with clay.

Eventually the contents of the barrow had been successfully removed to the cellar; that is to say, the greater part of them—some fell by the wayside. Dan'l attacked the pile with his spade, and carefully built it into a circular rampart on the floor of the cellar. With a sagacity hardly to be credited, he had counted the number of journeys from the barrow, and he now emptied a similar number of pailfuls of coal-dust into the clay ring.

After that came water, many pailfuls, for every one of which a separate journey had to be made through the kitchen and scullery. This route contained no doormats.

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With terror-stricken voices they called to Dan'l. It was some time before they could make him hear over the noise of the shovelling, but at length he ascended the wooden stairs with strangely muffled footfalls, and appeared at the cellar door.

Then the indomitable Dan'l retired to the lower regions, and, by the dim light of a lantern, proceeded to work out his dark problem. He reappeared occasionally for more water. At four o'clock he consumed a generous tea, and about once every hour, faithful to his instructions, he penetrated the hallowed precincts of the sitting-room to replenish the fire.

It was about 8.30 when my aunts returned. Before they opened the door they heard the sound of rhythmic shovelling in the cellar, and passed smiling remarks about poor old Dan'l's devotion to duty. The hall was in darkness, and as Aunt Caroline, who was first, stepped inside the door, she instantly screamed that someone had attacked her and was holding her by the feet. Her screams continued; there was a wild scuffle and the sound of a fall. Aunt Tabitha, trembling with fright, hurriedly struck a match, when it was found that Aunt Caroline was stuck to the mat, or, more strictly speaking, the mat was stuck to her. She had dragged it, in her struggles, to the middle of the hall, had then fallen over and was now sitting on it.

She staggered to her feet with the mat still, as it were, applied. Aunt Tabitha tore it off, when it promptly stuck to her. The match went out, and in the darkness that mat attacked them like a thing imbued with malignant life.

At last they shook it off. Together they lighted the gas, and surveyed the scene before them in passive horror. The hall was a sea of clay. It was yellow and sticky from the front door to the foot of the stairs, while from the sitting-room door it was black and slushy, with streaks of yellow. It stretched onward, through the kitchen into the scullery. As far as the eye could reach all was clay, varying strangely in colour and consistency.

With terror-stricken voices they called to Dan'l. It was some time before they could make him hear over the noise of the shovelling, but at length he ascended the wooden stairs with strangely muffled footfalls, and appeared at the cellar door.

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Aunt Caroline swooned. Aunt Tabitha folded her arms and was about to swoon, but Dan'l made a movement as if to catch her, and she recovered abruptly.

To say that Dan'l resembled a visitor from the pit—meaning the bottomless pit—is to fall foolishly short in description. From head to foot he was plastered with coal-dust, clay, and a slimy mixture of both. His hair and beard, usually white, were perfectly black, and the gleaming whites of his eyes gave his blackened face a peculiarly sinister appearance. His hands and arms past the elbows, his trousers, and his waistcoat were plastered with the grimy mixture, and his boots had practically disappeared.

The harrowing details that followed are too painful to be set down coldly in soulless words. In addition to the ruin of the kitchen and scullery, there was a wide track of black clay from the drawing-room door to the fireplace. The fire was out. A huge pudding of black clay filled it, and two other similar puddings were securely glued to the hearth.

The sum total of Dan'l's day's work was three bricks, and although, as he pointed out with pardonable pride, they were large, they were, nevertheless, far from firm. He had put two on the hearth to dry, and the third one on the fire, which promptly went out.

One of the most painful features of the tragedy was poor Dan'l's despair. He had toiled hard, almost without cessation, and it cut him to the heart to find that the pride with which he regarded his three ewe lambs was so little shared by his mistresses.

By Aunt Tabitha's instructions, he scraped two of the bricks off the hearth with much labour, and carried them far from the cottage. The third was so inextricably mixed with the bars of the grate that portions of it held on for days.

But the full story of the disaster is not yet told. The most appalling details were below stairs, in the dark cellar, where Dan'l had fought his lone fight with his three ingredients. He had overdone the water by several pailfuls, and the greater part of the cellar floor was covered inches deep with the insidious mixture.

"Take it all out, throw it away," cried Aunt Tabitha through her tears.

"Throw it away," wailed Aunt Caroline from behind her handkerchief.

It took Dan'l two days, and the process of bringing it in was as nothing compared with the removal. Moreover, to use a paradoxical expression, when it was done it was only half done.

Hercules' little affair with the Augean stables was child's play compared with cleaning that cellar. For months my aunts almost wept every time they had to go below for coals, and even now, more than a year after the tragedy, they seldom enter that cellar without bringing up a cake of clay on each heel.

"It was the most horrible experience of our lives," said my Aunt Tabitha, when she told me the story.

"Quite the most horrible," murmured Aunt Caroline.

Lost! "Mr. X."

Where is "Mr. X?" The Editor of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE is in despair. "Mr. X." had duly been granted his usual week's holiday, and went away in high glee, but since the day of his departure no trace of him has been seen, and he has never communicated with his friends.

The Editor has an idea that there is a method in "Mr. X.'s" conduct. That good man has been haggard and worried-looking for some time, for his readers send him few catches nowadays, and his heart is broken.

But if a goodly supply were suddenly to arrive, addressed to "Mr. X.," c.o. THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., many readers would be made happy with penknives and cards, and "Mr. X." might come back.

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[Photo] Fradelle & Young, London.

The Gondola dinner, which cost £5000, given at the Savoy Hotel by Mr. George Kessler. The waiters had previously to receive instruction in the manipulation of their craft.

DINING EXTRAORDINARY.

An Account of Some Remarkable Dinners Given by Wealthy Eccentrics.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

At four o'clock one afternoon a gentleman strolled into the manager's office of the Savoy Hotel, and said he wanted to give a little dinner to some of his friends on the following evening. He declared it must be out of the ordinary, and suggested that they should dine in a balloon. The manager thought for a while, and then realising the impossibility of this scheme pointed out that London had never up to that period been the scene of a gondola dinner—a feast at which the diners would be served in a real gondola, floating on real water, with swans gliding to and fro, and a true picture of Venice in the background. His client liked the idea, and was informed that everything would be in readiness on the following evening by eight o'clock.

What was accomplished during the intervening twenty-seven hours was a record. No hotel staff in America ever hustled as did Mr. Pruger and his men for the remainder of that day, all through the night, and all through the following morning and afternoon. The customer had hardly passed through the swing doors before telegrams were being hastily written out, and for a solid hour half-a-dozen operators were kept busy sending messages over the telephone in all directions. In less than two hours one hundred men had been set to work. They included engineers, electricians, tailors, scene painters, carpenters, decorators, and florists.

The old courtyard of the Savoy was carefully inspected by the engineers, made watertight, and then flooded with water to a depth of three feet. A number of light gondola boats were hastily built by the carpenters, and an immense craft for the diners. Waiters were fitted out with Venetian costumes, and then instructed how to steer their craft by taking practical lessons on the hotel lake.

Before lunch time next day the courtyard resembled a miniature Venice. There was a pure Italian sky overhead, and encircling the chamber was a panoramic view of the famous city—the work, of course, of the scene painters.

Before the electricians had finished with their wires and electric lights the florists began to arrive. The principal floral decoration was carnations, and £850 was spent on these flowers alone. Indeed, it is said that the West

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End florists ran out of carnations on that day, and they could not be had for love or money.

The hotel staff did their work well, and at eight o'clock in the evening Mr. George Kessler, who had ordered the dinner, turned up with his friends, and dined in a floating gondola, under a canopy of beautiful roses and carnations. This dinner cost £5000.

Photo *Fradelle & Young, London.*

A Japanese dinner given to Prince and Princess Arisugawa at the Savoy. In front of the diners was a gigantic model of a famous old Japanese garden, with real waterfalls and quaint, running streams.

Of remarkable dinners one could write at great length. The leading hotels of London and New York have during the last few years astonished the world by their ingenuity in arranging all kinds of extraordinary banquets. Would you like to dine in a balloon in a submarine boat, in a cellar, in a mine, or in a stable? If so, these enterprising managers will quickly transform a dining-hall into a wonderful resemblance of these places.

Photo *Jacks & Co, W.*

The Gaiety Restaurant turned into a mining camp, with Kaffirs and armed men to keep off intruders at Mr. Harry Barnato's dinner.

Indeed, if you were not aware of the transformation, and a friend blindfolded you and took you in to one of these banquets, you would almost mistake it for the real thing. Naturally, it all depends upon your purse. The more you are prepared to spend, the greater the novelty that can be introduced into the banquet. Even for a sum of £60 or £70 it is surprising what the modern hotel proprietor can do for you. He will transform a prosaic dining-room into a garden

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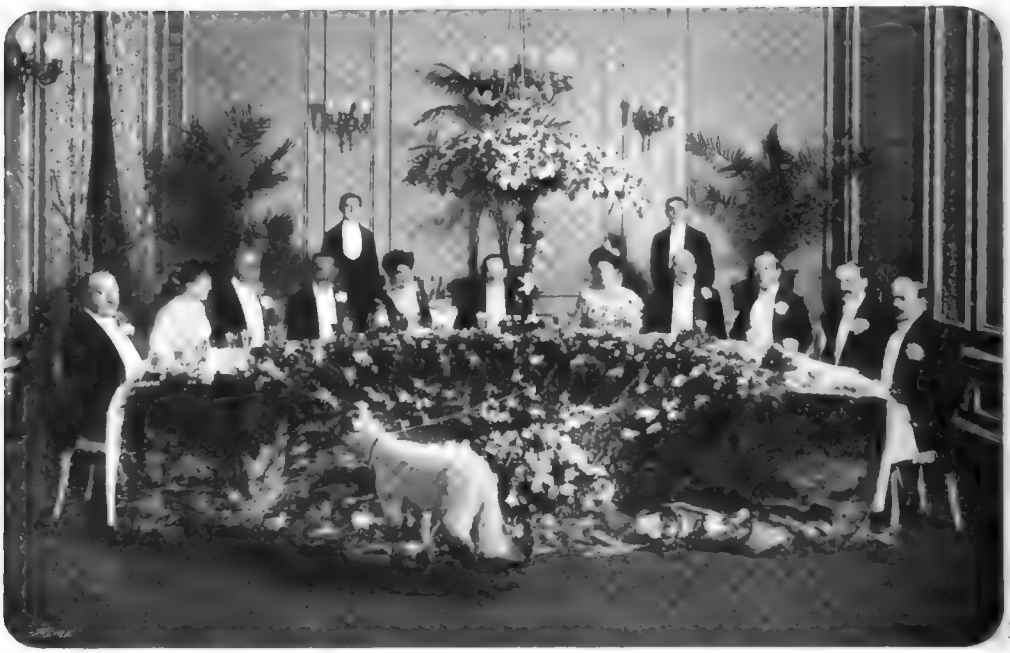

Photo *Byron, New York.*

A dinner given by Mr. E. Fischoff at Sherry's, New York, to some members of the Lambs' Club. To make the surroundings as realistic as possible, a dummy lamb stood out conspicuously before the diners in a field of roses and other flowers.

of roses, and serve a party of twenty with a sumptuous repast.

A pretty dinner was that given to Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan. The distinguished visitors from the Empire of the Far East must certainly have felt at home, for in front of them as they dined was a gigantic model of a famous old Japanese garden, with real waterfalls and quaint, running streams. Round the room were hung costly Japanese screens.

Then it was at the Savoy that the *Maine* dinner was held. On this occasion the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were spread on an immense table, in the centre of which was a model in white flowers of the hospital ship, with a red cross on the funnel, and a border of green smilax, with the word *Maine* in yellow blossoms.

Mention should also be made of the "red dinner" given at this hotel some little time ago. The host at this banquet had won a fortune at the *rouge et noir* table at Monte Carlo, and on his return to town invited his friends to dine with him and congratulate him on his success. The room itself presented a study in red. The carpet was red, so were the chairs. The napkins were red, the handles of the knives, made specially for the occasion, were of the same colour, while even the ties of the waiters were in keeping. The gorgeous array of flowers was a blaze of scarlet, and over all the electric lamps shed a crimson light.

The menu, which consisted of eighteen courses, all of the choicest and most expensive character, was printed in red letters. Forty persons sat down to this feast, at a cost of just over £15 per head.

It is not generally known that during the season one can go into the Carlton Hotel and catch live trout from one of the tanks there, and then take a seat in the dining-room until it is cooked. There is something decidedly novel in the idea of a person catching his own fish, but hundreds do this during the season. The trout are sent down every day from the hatchery at Baresford-on-Tyne.

It is amusing to watch the ladies catch their fish. The attendant hands them a net, which they plunge into the water, and then away dart the fish to the surprise of the fair anglers. Their efforts are soon rewarded, however, for the net is a large one, and the tank none too spacious. In the height of the season as many as a hundred live trout are taken out of the tanks by visitors in a single day.

The new Gaiety Restaurant has certainly

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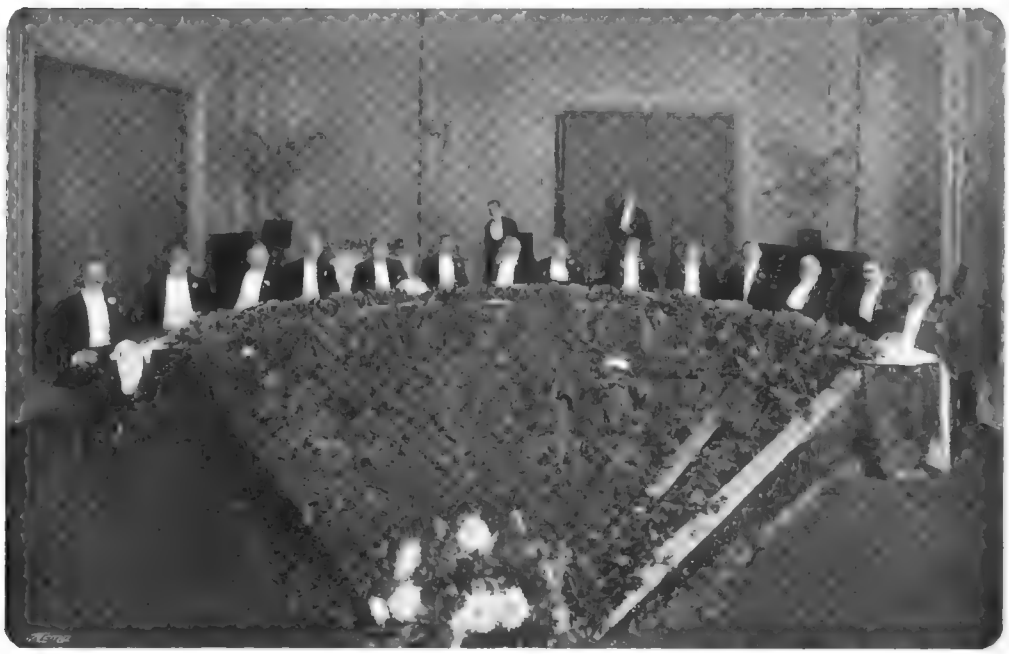

Photo *Byron, New York.*

When the head of a well-known bridge-building firm in New York gave a dinner he was surprised to find that the hotel staff had laid out the table in the form of the span of a bridge in imitation girder work.

been the scene of some extraordinary dinners. One of the most famous, perhaps, was that known as the "mining dinner," given to Mr. Harry Barnato by a few of his friends. On this occasion a suite of rooms was converted into a realistic mining camp. The table was laid in a tent, which was lighted by candles stuck in old bottles. The diners sat on wooden forms with the exception of the host, who occupied an ordinary kitchen chair at the head of the table.

On entering the camp the party were greeted by Boers and Kaffirs, while a huge boarhound kept guard over the quartz, and armed men prowled round the camp to keep away intruders. The dinner served was of a most costly character, and the wines of the rarest vintages. The bill for the banquet ran into four figures.

A few months previous to this Mr. Barnato gave a dinner at this popular restaurant in commemoration of the fall of Port Arthur. It was certainly effective and most realistic. On this occasion the table was round, having a miniature bay, which was filled with water, and on which were placed models of several Japanese and Russian battleships, whilst Port Arthur itself, made of sugar, took up the whole of one side.

The courses were borne round the table by a Russian pony. The decorations of the chamber were Japanese and Russian, and the waiters were dressed in the costume of the two countries. It was at the Gaiety, too, where the Press Club held their last annual dinner in honour of their lady friends. The room adjoining the banqueting chamber was turned into a printing office, and as the speeches were in progress reporters hurried to and fro, and at the end of the banquet numerous boys with placards came rushing into the room, shouting: "Paper! For the After Dinner Speeches read the *Gaiety Gazette*."

Sherry's in New York is America's famous establishment for novel banquets. Here people have dined on horseback, in stables, in the ruins of historic buildings, in gigantic Easter eggs, and even in pony traps. A pretty little dinner recently held at this restaurant was that given by Mr. E. Fischoff to some members of the Lambs' Club. To make the surroundings as realistic as possible a dummy lamb stood out conspicuously before the diners in a field of roses and other flowers.

An individual who has earned notoriety in giving novel banquets is Mr. Maurice Meyer, a well-known New York lawyer. He once gave a banquet that lasted seventeen hours. The meal began at seven o'clock in the

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Photo *Byron, New York.*

A simple dinner given by a college man to some members of his class and their lady friends. The guests sat round improvised tables made of packing-cases, and partook of their meal with their fingers.

morning, and lasted until four a.m. the following day. The guests numbered twenty-six, and they all arrived in full evening dress. The table was spread with a typical American breakfast, consisting of grape fruit and tangerine oranges, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, café-au-lait, etc. Towards one o'clock, however, the meal began to resolve itself into a luncheon, at which game, cold meats, and champagne were served. This was followed by coffee and liqueurs, over which the guests spent several hours in speech-making and general conversation.

As the hour of four p.m. struck, the doors were thrown open to admit "the ladies," who were each given a cup of tea by Mrs. Meyer. It is hard to believe it, but that cup of tea, eked out with much "talkee-talkee," lasted until nine o'clock, when the meal once more underwent a change, finally settling down into a very sumptuous dinner, in which all the guests joined. The last course was served at midnight, the remainder of the time up to four a.m. being occupied with coffee and more conversation. In all, the entertainment lasted seventeen hours.

Washington has deservedly earned fame for its Society dinners, and some of these are certainly ingenious and wonderful affairs. A memorable one was Secretary Taft's Philippine Party Dinner. At this banquet the *élite* of Washington Society, including many of the Foreign Ministers and their wives, sat down to a feast in a large hall of the New Willard Hotel, which had been converted into a scene from the Philippine Islands.

The dining-table encircled a native dwelling, in which were hung native baskets and other articles found in the islands. Round the table, in front of the diners, was a running stream which by an ingenious arrangement was kept flowing all through the dinner. All the waiters were dressed in native costume, and the effect was heightened by the cleverly painted Philippine scenery that adorned the walls.

Perhaps the most novel dinner given in the American capital was Mr. and Mrs. William Schall's "baby" party. Many members of the Embassies were present. The majority of the guests were dressed as babies and children, the women wearing long frocks of white muslin over various delicate colours. Many of the men adopted a similar dress, which, with their moustaches and beards, rendered them a very comical spectacle. Babyish cries were frequently imitated and feeding-bottles introduced. The latter, however, were filled with champagne instead of milk. The ladies carried coloured baskets decorated with bright flowers, dolls, rattles, and toy animals.

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Much skill is undoubtedly shown in laying out the tables at these novel banquets. Those who accomplish this task are clever artists. When the head of a well-known bridge-building firm in New York ordered a dinner for himself and friends, he was somewhat surprised though delighted to find when he and his party arrived that the table formed a span of a bridge in imitation of girder work. It had been built up by the hotel staff in less than five hours. It was, of course, an appropriate design considering that all those who dined were associated with bridge-building.

In the same way the last annual dinner of the Real Estate Brokers of New York, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, was set in such a way as forcibly to remind the diners of their business. The tables were laid out and referred to as blocks. On the plate of every guest was a menu, across the top of which was printed in bold type "For Sale." The passage-ways between the tables were called after noted New York thoroughfares and lit by imitation street lamps. The table at which the chairman and his friends sat was known as Central Park, while round the room, in prominent positions, were models of New York's famous business dwellings and huge pictures of the great skyscrapers.

A more simple repast was the beefsteak dinner given by a college man to some members of his class and their lady friends. The guests sat round improvised tables made of packing-cases, and partook of their scanty meal with their fingers in true prairie fashion.

The latest thing in the way of dinners on the other side are "jungle feasts." One recently held in the Boat House Restaurant of the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens deserves a passing mention.

More daring was the lion dinner given by Colonel P. G. Mundy at Coney Island a little while ago. The banquet commenced after the animal show was over and lasted for three hours. The guests were friends of Mr. Mundy and several newspaper men. During the meal three full-grown lions roamed about the dining-room at will. They partook of everything the guests had to eat, including beverages. Naturally, the dinner was fraught with lots of amusing incidents. Suddenly a guest would turn pale and jump to his feet when he discovered a lion quietly snuffling at his elbow. It was difficult, too, to get served if a lion took up his quarters near one, the waiters avoiding contact with the representatives of the forest as much as possible.

Photo *Supplied by Capt. Mundy.*

A dinner in a lions' den, given by Colonel P. S. Mundy at Coney Island a little while ago. The animals roamed about the room at will, and partook of everything provided for the guests, including beverages.

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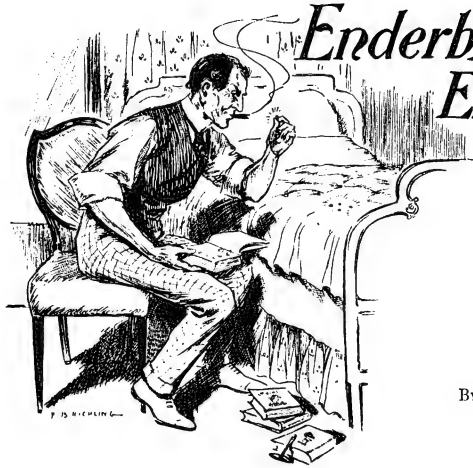

Enderby's Emeralds.

The Story of a Daring Jewel Robbery.

By John Haslette.

Dan Enderby was supposed to be the richest man on the Pacific Slope.

Born in England, he had early been brought out to San Francisco by his parents, spent his boyhood on a farm, got bitten by the gold fever, and was fortunate enough to make what he called a fair pile. From gold mining by the sweat of his brow, he turned to gold making by the sweat of others, and, at the age of forty, started that eminent financial enterprise known as the "Quick Cash Bank." Certainly, from his point of view, the institution well deserved its name; cash poured in upon him quickly, and daring speculation (his enemies spelt it without the "s") doubled and trebled the golden shower.

Dan was at the height of his success when he determined to retire to the Old Country with his fortune. Then came the question: how should he invest his money? Having been a banker himself, he scouted the idea of placing his money in an English bank. As for continuing his investments in America, he put the idea away from him with horror. Then, suddenly, he remembered the proclivities of certain Indian princes. He began to buy emeralds

Dan thought in large figures. The man who had a big emerald to sell was always welcome at his palatial house. He was rude in a kindly manner to the man who wanted to do a deal with mere fifty-pound gems. Unfortunately, his operations in this direction attracted the attention of every "sharp" and "tough" within a wide radius. It was the ambition of these latter gentry to get at "Old Dan," as they familiarly called him. To "scoop the old boodler's sparklers" was the game at which all the hawks stooped.

"There's bound to be somebody knocked out over these stones, sonny," Dan told a friend, who had accompanied him aboard the Europe-bound liner. "There is, sure. I'm carrying a pretty considerable proposition in envy, malice, and uncharitableness in my grip you bet."

"That's so, Dan," his friend agreed. "I'd admire to see those green bits taken off you, I would. You be careful!"

"I'm the carefullest man this side of the Yukon, sonny," said Enderby chuckling. "Whoever gets hurt, it won't be me. No, not by a jugful. I see Pete Barr's aboard, and 'Emery' Jim. Itching for a funeral, I reckon. Now then, tug's going. Shake, and git!"

The moment the liner got under way, Dan Enderby descended to the lower deck in search of the cabin steward, from whom he learnt the names of the passengers occupying the state-rooms on either side of his own. To the right, he was informed, the cabin had been taken by a young lady, Miss Tabard,

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while the other room was occupied by the manager of one of the New York dry goods stores. Dan then went to his state-room, and carefully locked himself in.

Among the hand baggage he had brought with him, were some English novels with stiff cardboard backs. Taking one in his hand, he turned back the first few leaves, and flattened the remainder of the volume, so that it presented a flat, firm surface. Into this, with the help of a peculiar little auger, he bored seven or eight holes that penetrated the pages to within one quarter of an inch from the cardboard back. Then he drew from his vest pocket a piece of cotton wool, with which he lined each hole in turn.

Dan looked at his work with his head on one side for a moment; then he smiled, and commenced to divest himself of a leather belt, which he wore about his waist. A wallet was attached to it, and with a quick movement, he opened it, and scattered its contents on the quilt.

"Great snakes!" he muttered, moved out of his normal calm by the sight of that wealth of green, glittering jewels. They lay there under his eyes, captured glint of the seas—a pool of fretted green glory. But the work was not yet completed. He picked up the largest—an immense stone that had once adorned an idol in the temple of the Incas. It was of almost fabulous value, and Dan, looking at it, drew his breath hard.

A moment later he had transferred it to one of the cotton-wool nests, where it lay sparkling at him like a great green eye. Then he took up the next jewel in point of size.

"Mighty fine stone that," said he, as he bestowed it beside the other. "My! If Pete Barr could see that, I reckon he and 'Emery' would plug me on sight, and take the risk. They would, sure."

Presently all the receptacles he had made had been filled. Once more he went to work, and soon had each of the books pierced and stocked with its precious freight. That done, he drew out a new and very solid handbag, which had been fitted with the strongest locks procurable. He opened it, placed within it the last and smallest of the emeralds, together with some bits of cut green glass wrapped in tissue paper, and, locking it once more, carefully hid it under a pile of rugs. The books he lifted carefully, and arranged on a small book-rack he had bought with them.

"There! I reckon that'll puzzle them," he said cheerfully. "If those coons are on the jump they can't say I didn't give them a lead."

When he came up on deck again, the first man he met was Pete Barr. The latter would have slunk past him, had not Dan touched him on the shoulder. "Say, Pete, didn't think to see you cavortin' around. No, sir. I thought you were up to Cuta City working a faro lay-out. 'Emery' along with you?"

"Yep, Mr. Enderby," the man replied softly. "Me an' Emery are runnin' over to do Yurup."

"You'll do it," said Dan, with a meaning in his eye.

The man scowled. "We can't all be runnin' 'flat' joints," he said.

"That's so," said Dan grinning, and added: "I freeze out of this lip game. Get your pal, and we'll have stud poker in the saloon."

Pete nodded, and went off in search of his partner.

The liner had disembarked the greater number of her passengers at Southampton before Dan dived into his state-room to get his handbag. As he drew it out from under the rugs, he grinned hugely. The bottom of the grip had been slit from end to end, and not a trace of the glass, or of the one genuine emerald could he find!

"Reckoned they would be on to that," said Dan, as he began to gather up his pile of novels. He strapped them firmly together and continued: "Now I guess I'll lay an information, and wire as well to the New York joint to fake up a charge for 'Emery' and Pete."

He went up then in search of the captain.

Soon after his arrival in London, Dan took a house in a fashionable West-end square, furnished it in the most expensive and luxurious style then in vogue, and subsidised a baronet, with a title as long, and a pedigree as involved, as a list of his creditors, to pilot him in the unknown waters of Society. The emeralds he still kept within the covers of the novels which had served him so well.

Meanwhile Pete Barr and "Emery" Jim were not quite of a mind to abandon the chase. After a period of retirement they came out and paid a midnight visit to Enderby's mansion. That they failed to secure what they wanted was not altogether their fault. Their entry into No. 15 Delaroche Square set half-a-dozen burglar bells ringing, woke Dan and his household, and brought half-a-dozen policemen from the neighbouring beats. Twenty minutes later they left the house in hansoms, and a state

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"There's a lady to see you sir," said the butler. "Wilks let her in, but being a shabby sort of person, sir, I thought you'd like to know who she was before you saw her."

of gloomy desperation. The next day they appeared at the police-court, and were duly tried and remanded, with the prospect of being condemned later.

That day Dan Enderby sat in his expensive library, chuckling over the fate which had befallen his unfortunate compatriots.

"Yes, sir," he assured himself vain-gloriously. "The man that tramps on old Dan's toes gets hurt every time. I'm shot-proof, rain-proof, and fool-proof, I guess. The man who wants to touch me a hundred cents to the dollar hasn't cut the top of his first wisdom tooth. He's an infant, you bet."

A knock at the door interrupted these conquering reflections.

"Come in," said Dan, nodding at the grave butler who appeared.

"There's a lady to see you, sir," said the butler. "Wilks let her in, but being a shabby sort of person, sir, I thought you'd like to know who she was before you saw her."

Dan felt at ease with all the world that day. "Oh, show her in here," he said carelessly. "Trot her up, Martin."

"Very good, sir," replied the man and went out.

The lady who entered the room a moment later was quite young and undoubtedly shabby. Her face was intelligent, though, and now wore a look compounded of nervousness and indignation. "I am called Belmont," she said, before Dan could speak. "Do you remember me? Do you remember my father whom you swindled in your cruel bank? I reckon you ought to know me."

Dan gasped, but summoned up his matchless impudence to reply:

"Your father was a fool, and was bound to get nipped," he said brutally. "And if you weren't a fool, too, you'd never have come here. And now you can git—Vamose—Savvy?"

A rush of colour came to the girl's pale face, but she did not move. "Are you going to make restitution?" she asked quickly.

"Git!" cried Dan, moving ponderously in his chair.

"No? Well, then I have come to talk business. You can say, I suppose, how much you are willing to give to get your emeralds back?"

Dan Enderby lay back in his chair and roared: "My emeralds! That's sweet. Why, I never lost them." A spirit of bravado seizing him, he got up and walked over to the book-case. "Here the lot are. Every green bit on cotton wool," he added, taking out the cardboard-backed novels, and laying them on the table. He opened one with a flip of the finger.

The girl laughed. "When you're going to fix up your jewels in yellow-backs, you'd

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better see that the partition between your cabin and the next hasn't got a little peep-hole in it," she said shrilly. "Those aren't emeralds, but glass!"

Dan Enderby gave a furious cry. Opening a drawer in his bureau, he took out a pistol, and covered her. "Hand them out!" he cried at her. "In ten seconds I shoot!"

"If you touch me you'll never see the gems again," she said. "A friend of mine has them. Don't calculate to stampede me. I'm going to touch you for a few dollars—that's all. Ten thousand pounds will cover the loss my father had. I'm not going to bother about the others who were done by you."

Dan was a man who thought quickly, and he saw the logic of this. The girl's friend might sell his gems in India without exciting comment. He temporised.

"You have the joke on me," he admitted. "I haven't that cash about, but I'll write you out a cheque."

"Right," said the girl. "And I'll get you the stones before three hours. Only I must have my glass counterfeits."

"Why?" asked Dan. He was thinking what a fool she was to accept a cheque, which he could stop before she could reach the bank. He got out his cheque-book and smilingly commenced to write.

"Laws!" cried the girl. "D'ye think my pal's going to hand over the stones unless I bring him these? Don't you tumble to the game? I told *him* that ours were glass, and I was going to palm them off on you *here*—see?"

Dan roared again. "I'd admire to see you on Wall Street," he chuckled, passing the cheque across to her. "I've post-dated this paper, so's you can't cash it till I have the stones. I'll have a jeweller here time you're back."

"Oh, my stones are all right," she replied, gathering up the emeralds as he took them from their receptacles, and sweeping them into a handbag. "So long, then. See you again here before night."

But the girl did not come before night. Dan waited all day. He communicated with the police. He swore so dreadfully that the butler gave notice. But the girl did not come at all. She had vanished utterly, and all the king's horses and all the king's policemen failed to find a shabby young lady with a little handbag. Even the cheque was never presented.

A week later a letter without an address reached Dan. It ran thus:

DEAR OLD FELLOW-WORKER,

I did see you through a hole in the partition, but it was not a big enough hole to get through, and the *door* would not open. As for the emeralds, you parted like a lamb. You'll know green glass when you see it again, won't you? But you won't get the emeralds again, not by shouts!

And Dan Enderby never did!

Dan Enderby gave a furious cry. Opening a drawer in his bureau, he took out a pistol, and covered her. "Hand them out!" he cried at her. "In ten seconds I shoot!"

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Pleased to Purchase True Real Life Romances Five Hundred Words Long

His Bride.

THE ROMANCE OF A CONVENT.

WHEN Pastukhin, captain in a Russian cavalry regiment, heard that Irma Mazlenikoff had been placed in the Convent of the Passion at Simbirski, he vowed to effect her release. That he, her lover, should be debarred from entering the convent drove the captain nearly to distraction. However, he found consolation in the thought that Irma was ever thinking of him, and knew that sooner or later he would devise a plan for her escape.

One morning a buzz of excitement ran through the convent. From nun to nun and student to student it was whispered that the good Sister Superior had received an important letter from the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg. On the morrow, it announced, Father Solovieff would be pleased to pay the convent an official visit of inspection.

One by one the students entered the examination room.

Many eyes peered at the good father as he drove up in a carriage drawn by three splendid horses. But if the good father was pompous in coming, he was charming in manner, and delighted the heart of the Sister Superior by his praise of the order and discipline that marked her *régime*.

In the afternoon Father Solovieff announced that he must examine all the students of the convent, so that he should be able to carry a thorough report of the convent to St. Petersburg, both as to its conduct, condition, and learning. Naturally such an unlooked-for request created a flutter of excitement among the students. But everyone agreed, from the humblest nun to the Sister Superior herself, that there could not possibly be a nicer priest in the world than Father Solovieff; and, besides, there was no reason to fear that he would find the students lacking in learning.

So one by one the students entered the examination room and there were examined in their studies by the good father. And one by one each emerged full of the praise that he had bestowed on them. He was the most charming father who had ever inspected the monastery! After the examination Father Solovieff made his report to the Sister Superior. The teaching in the convent he declared was excellent. All the students had done well. But there was one who had far and away excelled all the others. This student was Irma Mazlenikoff. She, the good father informed the Sister Superior, was too far advanced for the learning of the convent, and he had decided to remove her at once, and to place her in the famous Convent of the Kremlin at Moscow.

Flattered by such praise, the Sister Superior bade Irma Mazlenikoff farewell.

* * * * *

A few days later the papers announced the marriage of Captain Pastukhin to Irma Mazlenikoff, and the good nuns of the Convent of the Passion nearly died of horror when they learnt how they had been deluded by the charming "Father Solovieff."

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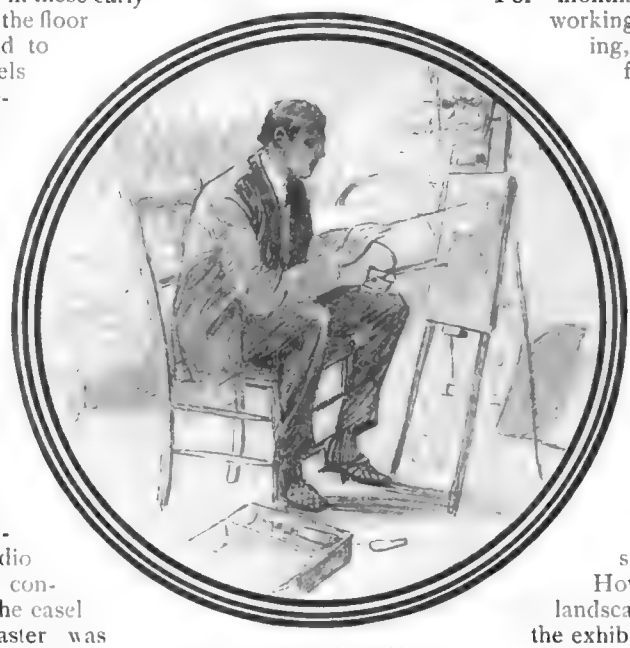
The Young Artist.

THE ROMANCE OF AN AMERICAN PAINTING EXHIBITION.

THIS story must be told in stages. The first must picture the hero, a boy of fourteen, by name George Davidson, just arrived in New York from Connecticut, where, since he had left his home in Russia, he had lived with his aunt. He was homeless and fatherless; but, filled with a determination to make his way in the world, he had come to the great American metropolis. After several days' vain tramping of the streets to seek employment, Davidson was engaged by a crayon artist. And this must mark the second stage in his story.

His main duty in these early days was to sweep the floor of the studio, and to prepare the easels and other implements of the artist, ready for his master to begin work each morning.

But if the work seemed mean and profitless for the future, it was effecting a great change in the boy's mind. As he busied himself in the studio his eyes would constantly roam to the easel at which his master was working. How simply and wonderfully he supplied a delightful background to the portraits which were sent to him by a firm of photographers.



Young Davidson sat before his easel. He was just putting the finishing strokes to a small landscape scene.

It never occurred to the boy that this was scarcely the highest form of the painter's art. All he saw and wondered at was the effect produced in a plain portrait by the addition of a little landscape. Yet the boy knew from experience that the apparent ease with which his master worked had only been attained by hard practice.

Ambition was gradually growing in young Davidson's mind. One day he would become a painter. Every evening, in place of wasting his time like other boys in wandering about the streets, he worked hard in his little bedroom, drawing and painting.

A year or so went by. In that time a big change had come over the boy's life. He no longer spent the day in menial work in the studio. Instead, he was fast becoming as proficient as his master. At night he went to the National Academy of Design, and there, under competent masters, worked diligently at oil-painting.

Three years passed. Young Davidson sat before his easel. He was just putting the finishing strokes to a small landscape scene. For months he had been working at it in the evening, yet now that he felt that he had put the utmost of his skill on to the canvas a feeling of dissatisfaction came over him. He was disappointed; and this little scene was to be his contribution to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design!

However, the little landscape was sent to the exhibition, bearing beneath it the words "Evening Shadows."

* * *

The exhibition was filled with an excited crowd. It was the first day of opening. A group of critics had gathered round a large canvas. This was the work of John La Farge. They could tell it at a glance. It was magnificent! But whose was the little sunset scene, that held a place of such high honour beside it?

"George Davidson—Davidson, who was Davidson, whose picture had received such commendation?" A few days later everyone in America could have told how, with indomitable courage, the once penniless boy had in a few years proved himself to be one of the rising artists of the United States.

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The Fair Smuggler.

THE ROMANCE OF A PECULIAR FASCINATION.

ALTHOUGH the world never moved faster than it does at the present time, life to some is still lacking in excitement and variety. To a certain Mdlle. Marthe Reye, who was young, beautiful, and rich, the quietness of her home life at Driye, a small frontier village of Switzerland, had become unbearable. The mountain scenery bored her; and even the exhilaration of dashing along dangerous highways in her 40-h.p. motor-car at break-neck speed had begun to pall. Something must be done. Mdlle. Reye decided to add excitement to her life. Then a thrilling plan arose in her mind. Tobacco, saccharin, and snuff were cheap enough to buy in Geneva. Away across the frontier in Haute Savoie such luxuries were dear. Visions, no doubt, of tales of smuggling arose in her thoughts and added picturesqueness to the idea. At any rate, within a few days of the first conception of the plan Mdlle. Reye had equipped herself for the enterprise. Snugly stored in her powerful car she had placed many pounds of tobacco, whilst boxes of snuff and saccharin completed the cargo.

Mlle. Reye, attired in the latest Paris costume, beamed on them unperturbed.

The right and wrong of the exploit had not escaped mademoiselle's mind. If successful, she realised her profit would be great; so she satisfied her conscience by determining that all her profits should be given to the poor.

One dark night, driven by her elderly and experienced chauffeur, Mlle. Reye set out on her first journey across the frontier. The coldness of the night thrilled her; and the excitement grew intense as, letting the car go, the chauffeur dashed by the French Excise outpost, and a little later drew up in Haute Savoie.

For some time mademoiselle made her smuggling expeditions across the frontier with impunity. Only once, so far, had the excitement grown a little more intense than she had desired. Then it was that the Excise authorities, their alertness heightened by being repeatedly baulked by the car, had managed to get in close pursuit. Mademoiselle had heard the crack of their rifles, but the old chauffeur had managed to reach the shelter of Haute Savoie safely.

But misfortune was in store for the pretty smuggler. Her chauffeur fell ill, and perforce she was compelled to engage another, less experienced and resourceful. So it happened that on the second trip with the new driver, the Customs officers captured the car. Mlle. Reye, attired in the latest Paris costume, beamed on them unperturbed. It was all a joke, she explained laughingly, as the Customs officials overhauled the car, and fast dispossessed it of the contraband burden. Even when a heavy fine was demanded the pretty young smuggler only smiled, tossed over a bundle of notes, and gaily rode off.

To recite the further smuggling adventures of Mlle. Reye would require many pages. Let it suffice to say that far from putting an end to her wild rides across the frontier, capture by the authorities only added to her zest for the sport. A few weeks later she was again captured red-handed; again laughed and joked, and again nonchalantly paid the now doubly increased fine. But this time she was warned that if caught again her car would be confiscated.

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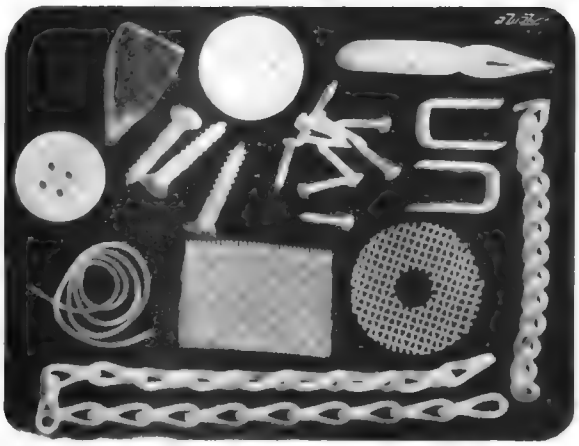
Picture Paragraphs.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for Use in this Feature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.



This "photograph" was obtained by placing the articles represented on a piece of sensitised paper, and placing the whole in the sun. The paper was then toned and fixed in the ordinary way.

NO CAMERA NEEDED.

NEITHER plate nor printing-frame is necessary. Take a piece of ordinary sensitised paper, and any odd trifles that you may care to reproduce, and a picture similar to this one can be made.

Place the paper, film side up, on a piece of cardboard or any flat object handy, lay the articles to be "printed" on the paper, and expose to the sun.

In a few minutes the exposed part of the paper will have darkened sufficiently, and the "print" then only requires toning and fixing in the ordinary way to make it permanent.

The articles in this print speak for themselves, with the exception of the round blank space, which was obtained with a sixpenny-piece.

SUCCOUR, NOT TORTURE.

THE casual observer who met a procession such as the one shown below would be inclined to imagine that he had suddenly been transported to the days of the Inquisition, and that black-robed minions were bearing a luckless captive to unpleasant experiences in the torture chamber.

No greater mistake could possibly be made. The bearers are brothers of the Fraternity of the Misericordia, and far from being on the point of torturing anyone, they are bearing a sick man to the hospital.

The peculiar dress and head coverings are the signs of their order, which does a tremendous amount of good work among the sick and suffering.

Although in this country we call in a trained nurse when we are ill and require to be looked after and have our temperature taken, on the Continent it is possible to enlist the services of a nun belonging to some community which undertakes the care of the sick.

Thus many modern religious houses carry on the traditions of mediæval times, when the greater part of such medical knowledge as existed was in the possession of the monks.

Photo *Exclusive News Agency.*

This is not a poor wretch being taken to the torture chamber of the Inquisition, but a sick man being taken to the hospital by brothers of the Fraternity of the Misericordia.

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From Cradle to Manhood in Photographs.

A Pictorial Record of Twenty-one Years of Life.

It is not everyone who can boast of having had his photograph taken on every birthday from his first to his twenty-first. But Mr. C. Murray Sherriff, of Hythe, Southampton, can make such a statement with modest yet legitimate pride. The results appear on this and the succeeding page. Few things could be more interesting than to possess photographs of oneself at each of the first twenty-one milestones on the road of life, and it seems a great pity that more people do not display the enterprise shown by Mr. Sherriff's parents, and have their children photographed on each birthday.

Photos by Porter's, Chippenham.

3 MONTHS OLD

1 YEAR OLD.

2 YEARS OLD

3 YEARS OLD

4 YEARS OLD

5 YEARS OLD

6 YEARS OLD

7 YEARS OLD

8 YEARS OLD

9 YEARS OLD

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10 YEARS OLD

11 YEARS OLD

12 YEARS OLD

13 YEARS OLD

14 YEARS OLD

15 YEARS OLD

16 YEARS OLD

17 YEARS OLD

18 YEARS OLD

19 YEARS OLD

20 YEARS OLD

21 YEARS OLD

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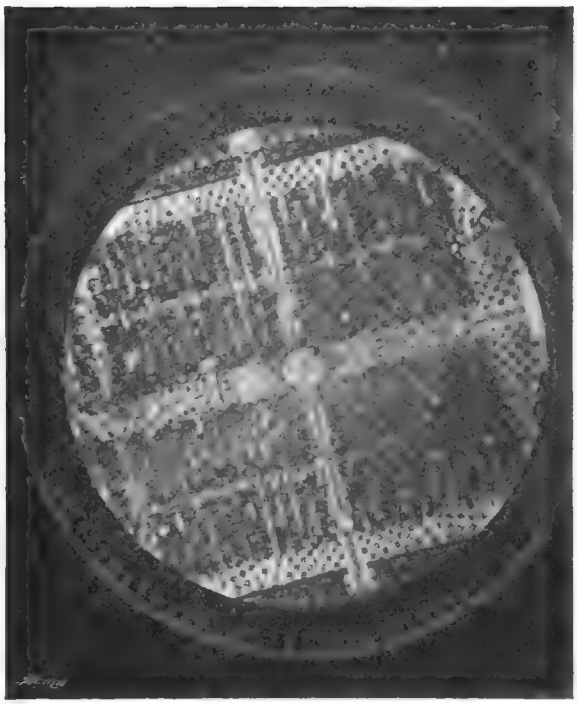

A view taken through the ventilator at the top of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral during a service.

WHAT IS IT?

PROBABLY not one person in a thousand would be able to guess correctly in ten tries what this illustration represents.

To allay curiosity at the outset, and avoid further suspense, let it be said that the original photograph was taken through the ventilator in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral while a service was in progress. With the aid of a lens, several worshippers may be distinguished.

It makes an interesting amusement to show this picture to intelligent friends, and to promise them a sum of money, from a penny upwards, according to the opulence of the questioner, if they can say exactly and correctly what the picture represents.

The majority of those seeing it for the first time suggest a piece of mosaic work, a specimen of embroidery, or a culture of dangerous bacilli.

NOT A BATTLEFIELD.

HAVE we here an awful warning against the horrors of war, a dreadful example of the results of national passion let loose, of the lust of conquest, the thirst for "land-grabbing"? Is this a vast charnel house where the bones of those fallen in battle lie heaped up, a mute appeal for universal peace?

No, it is merely the refuse heap of a lobster-canning establishment at Anticosti Island.

In the lobster-canning industry it is customary to remove the shells of the lobsters before they are sealed up in tins, and labelled with idealist pictures of what a good lobster really looks like. Thus in the course of days and weeks it comes to pass that quite a respectable pile of shells accumulates.

It is one of these piles that appears in the picture. While it is unnecessary to state how many times the shells would go round the world if placed end to end, or how many apiece each man would possess if they were divided equally among the British, French, and German armies, it can be said without exaggeration that there are a good many shells in this pile.

In fact, the weird appearance of these odds and ends of lobster recalls the dreams which over-indulgence in its succulent flesh is popularly supposed to induce.

This is not the picture of a battlefield, but merely a photograph of the refuse-heap of a lobster-canning factory on Anticosti Island.

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For The Defendant -With Costs

A Comedy in One Act.

By F. E. Baily.

(This little play is particularly suitable for amateur theatricals. All those wishing to perform it should apply for permission to do so to the Editor of The Royal Magazine, *18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

CHARACTERS:

Violet Stokes.
John Stokes (Violet's husband).
Angela Selwyn-Matthews (a friend of Violet).

Scene:

Drawing-room of the Stokes' flat in Gower Street. There is a settee at the back, centre, and the room is lighted from a standard lamp a little to the right of the settee, and behind it. Door L. *There is a chair,* L., *and a fireplace,* R., *with a clock on the mantelpiece. A round mirror hangs on the wall,* L., *behind the door. Enter through the door,* L., Violet *and* Angela, *with cloaks on over evening dress.* Violet *removes her cloak, and crosses to settee on which she sits, throwing cloak over the other end.* Angela *unfastens her cloak but does not sit.*

Angela (*unfastening cloak*). How did you like Geratzy?

Violet (*yawning a little*). Oh, very well. (*Thoughtfully.*) What a pity all these Polish and Hungarian violinists have hair like little woolly bears.

Angela (*smiling*). Most women rave over him.

Violet. What a fate—to be raved over by women! Why are they so unkind to him? After all, they aren't *obliged* to hear him play.

Angela (*sitting down in chair,* L.; *sententiously*). It's very painful to hear a wife of six months barbing her little conversational arrows with cynicism, Vi. The oil of charity should predominate over the vinegar of cynicism in the matrimonial salad.

Violet (*laughing*). Hark to the wisdom of the spinster! How amused Jack would be if he were here.

Angela. Why isn't he here? Where is he? Has he fled from your cynical tongue, taking his few remaining illusions with him?

Violet. Yes. At present he and they are with the Cravens in a box at the Princess'

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Theatre. Alice Craven's sister, Maudie Cantrell, is staying with them, and they're showing her the sights. Jack makes the fourth.

ANGELA. *Does* he! Why Jack instead of some gay and irresponsible bachelor?

VIOLET. Because the irresponsible one cried off at the eleventh hour. Alice had tea with me and bewailed the fickleness of men. So I gave her Jack, who isn't fickle—at least, I haven't found him out yet.

ANGELA. Has Jack met Maudie before?

VIOLET. Oh yes, they're quite old friends. He knew her before he was married. Quite a charming girl, I believe. I'm longing to meet her. The Cravens are bringing her here to dinner to-morrow.

ANGELA. Ah, then Jack knows, probably.

VIOLET. Knows what?

ANGELA. Well, Maudie's awfully pretty and charming and all that, but she isn't *quite*—— (*Pauses.*)

VIOLET. Well, go on. Quite what?

ANGELA. Well, everyone talked a good bit about her and Captain Williams at Cromer last summer. There was quite a flutter in the local dovecotes, though I don't believe the Great Eastern ran special trains, in spite of rumours that they did. Still, I know six people who went down to see the fun, and the hotel-keepers must have blessed Maudie very fervently for brightening up trade.

VIOLET. Oh, "people said," did they? How shocking! What gave the show away? Did one of the housemaids see him kiss her on the stairs, or was a passionate letter in her handwriting discovered by the knife boy in one of the gallant Captain's boots?

ANGELA. Ask Jack—*he'll* know, or if not he can find out from Maudie. Only take my advice, and don't trust these golden-haired, brown-eyed, baby-faced innocents any farther than you can see them. (*Rises.*) Well, I must go. Good-night, dear; I'm glad you liked the concert. Remember me to Jack—when he comes in.

VIOLET (*rises*). Good-night, Angy (*smiling*). Thanks for the warning. I'll remember all you've said.

(*Exit* ANGELA. VIOLET *shuts the door and walks slowly back to the settee and sits down.*)

VIOLET (*pityingly*). Poor old Angela. I'm afraid there's a little of the fox and-the-grapes about even her. It's always the unmarried woman who "warns" the youthful matron, and the woman that *isn't* golden-haired and brown-eyed and baby-faced who has her doubts about the one that is. As if dear old Jack—(*pauses*) I wonder if Maudie is *very* pretty—prettier than I am? (*Goes across to mirror and scrutinises herself.*) My eyes aren't brown—they're blue—but then Jack (*smiles*) likes blue eyes. (*Pats her hair unnecessarily.*) My hair's chestnut, but then Jack used to say ——(*smiles reminiscently*). No, I think Jack likes *my* hair. (*Comes back to settee.*) Still, everyone likes a change. I thought Jack dressed rather carefully this evening. He said "Confound this tie" when he looked at himself in the glass, although it was tied beautifully, and Jack doesn't often swear. And (*slowly*) I don't believe he kissed me when he went. No, I'm sure he didn't. It's true I was in my bath—(*pause*). And Jack *did* seem rather excited when I told him Alice wanted him to go with them, and Maudie was to be there. "What, little Maudie Cantrell?" he said. "Why, we were great pals once—before I knew *you*, dear, of course," he added, but naturally he *had* to say that (*pause*). Angy said she was *very* pretty. (*Pause. Glances at clock on the mantelpiece.*) It's getting awfully late—twelve o'clock—and Jack isn't back. I don't think Jack's been *very* attentive lately. I didn't notice it before this evening, but now I think it over there are several little things—(*looks at clock*). Five minutes past twelve! I'm sure Jack's getting tired of me, or he wouldn't be able to stay away from me so long. I—I—I wish my hair was golden (*sob*). Oh—oh—oh, I am so unhappy. He doesn't lo—lo—love me any more, not one little bit, and there isn't anything to look forward to but a long vi—vi—vista of grey years as a poor lo—lonely, neglected little wi—wi—wife. Oh—h—h. (*Sobs on cushion. Looking up.*) And to think that A—A—Alice calls herself my f—friend, and then entices my h—husband away to d—dangle after her c—cat of a sister. O—o—h J—*Jack!* (*Sobs on cushion again.*)

(*Door bang off. Man's voice heard singing, coming nearer and nearer.*)

And dreams of delight shall on thee break
And ra—a—diant vi—i—isions rise.

VIOLET (*sitting up*). Jack! And after spending all the evening with that woman to come home singing about her!

(*Voice.*)

And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

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(*Door*, L., *opens, and enter* JACK *in evening dress.*)

JACK (*stops singing*). Hullo, Vi darling! Had a good time? (*Coming nearer.*) What! Crying?

VIOLET (*putting her handkerchief to her face*). A—A—A—Atchoo! atchoo! *atchoo!* (*Blows her nose violently.*) I—I—I think I've got a cold. There—there was a draught at the concert. (*Plaintively.*) I wonder if I shall get influenza and die?

JACK (*cheerfully*). Influenza? What nonsense! Why, you're good for another seventy years at least.

VIOLET (*mournfully*). I thought perhaps you would be a little sympathetic, Jack.

ANGELA. Take my advice, and don't trust these golden-haired, brown-eyed, baby-faced innocents any farther than you can see them.

JACK. My *darling!* (*Sits beside her on settee, and puts his arm round her.* VIOLET *sits very rigidly, and after a minute he is obliged to take his arm away.*)

VIOLET. But if I *am* ill, you needn't worry, Jack. I will see that all the meals are prepared for you. Cook is very capable. (*Her voice nearly breaks*).

JACK (*somewhat astonished*). What's the matter, Vi? Have you been dull without me?

VIOLET (*quickly, and emphatically*). Oh, no, not in the least. (*Politely.*) Did you enjoy yourself?

JACK. Ripping! The piece was frightfully funny. I'm afraid your concert was rather dull, wasn't it?

VIOLET. On the contrary, I've had a delightful evening. Geratzy sang divinely.

JACK. Thought he played the fiddle?

VIOLET. Of course he does. I said so, didn't I? Anyhow, I *meant* "played." Really, Jack, you might have known that.

JACK. Of course, dear. (*Strolls over to fireplace and lights a cigarette.*)

VIOLET (*after a pause*). I'm glad you had a good time. Did Miss Cantrell—er—spend an enjoyable evening?

JACK (*throwing away match*). What did you say, dear?

VIOLET (*desperately*). How did *Maudie* like the piece?

JACK. Maudie? Oh, she had the time of her life. Laughed all the evening. I say, Vi, what a ripping little thing Maudie is!

VIOLET (*swallowing nothing with difficulty*). Do you think so?

JACK. Rather; quite gone on me, too. Simply wouldn't leave me, and insisted on my going back to the Cravens' flat so that I could say good-night.

VIOLET (*with her face turned away from him, and twisting a bracelet nervously*). It—it makes an evening pass so much more quickly when one has a really congenial companion, doesn't it?

JACK (*laughing*). *She* seemed to think so, anyhow. When I was clearing out she said that the time had never passed so quickly before. (*Affectionately.*) She's a dear little girl.

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VIOLET (*from the cushions, wriggling away*). Do—do—don't touch me, and don't be such a hy—hy—hypocrite.

VIOLET (*slowly*). Yes, I suppose she is. (*Gets up and walks across to the mantelpiece and leans her arms on it. Then, trying to speak naturally.*) Do you think she's really pretty, Jack?

JACK. Rather. She's got such lovely hair and eyes, hasn't she? I think she'll be prettier than her mother.

VIOLET (*with a great effort*). Yes? (*Catches sight of a long gold thread on Jack's shoulder. Picks it off and looks at it. In a strained voice.*) What's this, Jack?

JACK (*laughing*). Oh, that's a bit of Maudie's hair, I s'pose. She sat next to me, you know, and got a little bit tired towards the end of the last act. I think she went to sleep—anyway, I found her head resting on my shoulder, and probably a stray hair or two——

VIOLET. I must say you are delightfully frank about it. I suppose you think open confession is good for the soul.

JACK (*thinking he is entering into the spirit of the joke*). Yes, dear, and besides, it doesn't do to have secrets between husband and wife, does it?

VIOLET (*bitterly*). Apparently she prefers you to Captain Williams.

JACK. Who?

VIOLET (*with unutterable scorn*). *Maudie*, of course. I suppose she never told you about him?

JACK. No, never said a word. Who is he—you don't mean Williams of the Gunners, do you?

VIOLET (*harshly*). Williams of the Gunners! What does it matter whether he's in the Gunners or the—the drum and fife band? Haven't you *any* shame? And to think that I made fun of dear old Angela. She knew, even if I, poor, innocent fool that I was, didn't. Do you think it's nothing to me that you've been to the theatre with another girl—that she was quite "gone on you," as you put it, and you "found" her head on your shoulder? And not content with that, you come home to me with one of her very hairs clinging to your coat! (*Pauses, panting.*) I suppose (*witheringly*) you kissed her good-night when you left her?

JACK (*mildly*). Naturally! What else could I do?

VIOLET. You kissed her—you *kissed* her? (*Breaks down completely.*) Oh, *Jack!* (*Crosses to settee and buries her face in the cushion*)

JACK. My darling! (*Strides across and lifts her head on to his arm.*) Whatever is the matter? Don't cry like that, Vi, dearest—tell me what's upset you so!

VIOLET (*from the cushions, wriggling away*). Do—do—don't touch me, and don't be such a hy—hy—hypocrite.

JACK (*utterly mystified and much distressed*). I don't know what's the matter, Vi, darling, but (*putting his arm round her and drawing her to him; with sudden inspiration*) I know who's the dearest little girl in all the world!

VIOLET (*getting up suddenly and breaking away*). Yes! Maudie, I suppose (*stands a few yards from him like an enraged goddess*). Jack, when I married you I didn't look upon you as a god, and I hadn't any silly, romantic ideas about your not having any equal in the world——

JACK (*interrupting, drily*). No, dear!

VIOLET (*taking no notice*). But I *did* think you were a *man*, and not a wretched, weak,

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contemptible creature who would be lured away from me by the first pretty face he saw.

JACK. Well, dear, I don't think I've disappointed your very modest ambitions so far, have I?

VIOLET (*with bitter irony*). I don't know what you call it, then.

JACK (*unmoved*). If you would only tell me what you're grumbling about, dear, instead of standing there like an avenging angel, delivering philippics against me, it would make things so much simpler. Even the murderer and the cut-throat have the right to know what charge is brought against them. How much more, then, a respectable ratepayer such as myself!

VIOLET (*in a low, tense voice*). You deceived me from the beginning. Not until Angela asked where you were this evening, and I told her you had gone to the theatre with the Cravens, and—(*bitterly*) and *Maudie*, did I know what kind of woman she was. It was Angela who told me of the Cromer scandal, and the affair with Captain Williams. I will do her the justice of saying that she warned me against leaving you in the company of that woman. I laughed at her. Then I reflected on your unusual excitement before going to the Cravens. I remembered you didn't kiss me before you went. You swore about your tie. You told me you knew this woman before you knew me. All these things came into my mind as I sat (*passionately*) waiting for a husband who didn't come, who lingered in disreputable company, and only returned at past midnight to boast openly of his vulgar conquest. And you ask me what I'm grumbling about!

JACK. Very nicely put. This closes the case for the prosecution. Counsel for the defence will now address the Court.

VIOLET. I'm glad you can see the humour of the situation.

JACK (*in courteous rebuke*). You will remember I listened to you without interrupting. I must claim similar consideration.

VIOLET. Go on.

JACK. I shall proceed to show that the case has arisen solely out of your unfortunate weakness for listening to the tattle of your well-meaning and ridiculous friend, Miss Selwyn-Matthews. I do not enjoy her familiarity with the Cromer scandal. In fact, I don't know anything about it. I didn't feel excited about going to the theatre; I've been to too many for that. I'm sorry I swore about my tie, but I'm only a man, and, as you said just now, that's all you ever took me for. You must settle it with Alice Craven whether or no her house is the resort of disreputable company. To-night it sheltered herself, her little daughter Maudie, aged twelve, her husband, and myself.

VIOLET (*gasping*). What about her sister—Miss Cantrell.

JACK. She doesn't exist. Mrs. Williams received a wire this evening asking her to join her husband at Aldershot immediately. He is under orders for active service, and so she left London by the 6.45 train. Alice's sister married Captain Williams very quietly a month after I married you. They've been abroad since. Alice thought you knew. It was little Maudie Craven who took to me and slept on my shoulder, and whom I kissed good-night, whose hair you found. This closes the case for the defence. I hope you are happy now.

VIOLET. Oh, Jack, what a worm I feel.

JACK (*politely*). Impossible!

VIOLET (*in a small voice*). I hope I—I haven't hurt you in any way, Jack?

JACK (*politely*). Not at all. It is I who should apologise.

VIOLET (*throwing her arms round his neck and sobbing on his shoulder*). W—w—will you forgive me, Jack?

JACK (*stroking her hair tenderly*). So that's why you were crying when I came in?

VIOLET. Y—yes.

JACK. Well, what's the verdict of the Court?

VIOLET. For the defendant, w—with costs.

JACK. Well, I'll have the costs now! (*Kisses her.*)

VIOLET (*with great emphasis*). What a *cat* Angela is!

CURTAIN.

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TORCH LILY

The Story of the Strange Circumstances in Which a Painter Won His Wife.

By Mary L. Pendered.

I.

When Laurence Carew was cycling through Buckinghamshire one red and gold October, thinking of nothing but colour schemes and how to absorb the most possible of the country air, he committed the commonplace known as "meeting his fate." It was like this:

In the bar of the Dewdrops Inn at Rosehill, while he was quenching a comfortable thirst, a discussion arose between some labourers, assembled there for the same purpose, upon a girl who passed the open door. Carew caught only a bare glimpse of her, but the conversation she aroused fired his imagination—the sensitive imagination of an impressionist artist just beginning to be known in the galleries

"A most misfortunate name for a girl of that colour," said the hostess, whose name appeared on her signboard as Mary Ann Budd. "I don't hold with giving girls flower names, anyhow. They're nearly always wrong. For my part I never knew a Lily as wasn't red and squat, or a Rose as wasn't pale and gawky. Tritoma Garland's the exception as proves the rule. Nobody can say as her name don't fit her to a T."

A boisterous laugh of assent followed, and Carew, botanically ignorant, put in a plea for enlightenment, which the good lady willingly afforded.

"You see, sir, Tritoma's the grand name of a garden flower commonly called Red-hot Poker or Torch Lily," she vouchsafed. "And Mrs. Garland, who had been a school-marm before she married Garland, had her child christened Tritoma because, I suppose, she thought it sounded fine. They were a bit stuck up in those days, afore Garland lost his money and came down in the world. But what can you expect from a woman as is always reading books?"

She looked round on her small audience interrogatively, and heads were shaken to signify "not much."

"As luck would have it," she continued, "the girl has a head like a flaming tar-barrel, and that's why I say it was a misfortunate choice. Of course all the children call 'Red-hot Poker' and 'Torchy' after her. It's only what might be expected."

A lively discussion followed upon Tritoma Garland's wonderful head of red hair, her beauty, her temper, and her eccentricities, until Carew found himself wanting inordinately to see the girl, and his mind evolved enchanting pictures of her. Inflamed by them he came to a sudden resolution and asked for a night's lodging at the Dewdrops Inn.

With pleased importance, Mrs. Budd showed him a low-beamed chamber she was wont to let to summer visitors, and, after bumping his head on the staircase roof, and nearly breaking his neck over two unexpected steps, he declared himself perfectly satisfied. For he meant to stay in Rosehill until he had seen and spoken to the girl whom he named, mentally, Torch Lily.

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What a compelling force is a young man's fancy, and what a little will fire it! Just a name with a poetic flavour, the vision of floating, flaming hair about a flower-like maiden's head, and Laurence Carew's mind was held captive, strung to the pitch of romance He spent the entire day roaming through and through the twin villages of Rosehill and Guelder's Green, seeking in vain the girl with hair "like a flaming tar-barrel," and the villagers eyed him suspiciously. They were used to strangers in summer time, but this was late October, and after August visitors were rare.

At last Carew stalked his quarry. He was meandering disconsolately through one of the exquisite woods that rose everywhere down the deep slopes of the hills, haunts of dreaming silence painted mistily in hues of copper, bronze, and gold, when he came upon the object of his quest, and felt his heart knock quickly at his ribs. For the long-sought always gives the greatest shock, and she looked, in truth, at that moment, a creature of enchantment, wrought out of fancy and strange lights.

Seated on the trunk of a felled tree, swinging with almost imperceptible rhythm on the slenderer end that was lifted from the ground, she appeared a veritable wood-nymph, clothed in the colours that framed her. For her gown was of bronze green, and the sun, setting like a fire behind the trees, cast some of his dying glow through the black stems upon her uncovered hair, making a glorious nimbus about her small head, and giving her an almost unearthly aspect. The lashes of her eyes, bent upon a book, were burnished, too, and even her skin looked lustrous.

Such a face as hers Carew had never seen before, even in his dreams. It was not beautiful at all, he decided at once, but it was strange, elfish, indescribable. The features were irregular and, in repose, unlovely, for the nostrils were wide, the red lips thin, the cheek bones high. From the broad low forehead and straight brows her face tapered to the chin, and she had the transparent, slightly freckled skin that usually accompanies auburn hair, etiolated to a somewhat unhealthy pallor.

It was not until she looked up at the sound of his voice that he became aware of startling beauty, a strange elusive charm. Witchery sparkled in her rather long and narrow eyes, whose colour was indescribable though they looked like dancing water; in the parting of her lips and curl of the upper one into fulness; in the quick vivid blush, like a sudden flame flashing out in a porcelain lamp, dazzling with a singular radiance.

He took off his cap and spoke to her as if she had been a goddess. Perhaps it was that homage which called up the entrancing blush. What he said to her first he hardly knew, but believed he asked where the footpath led. She answered him with serious dignity, rising as she did so, and when he lingered to discuss the beauty of the woods and hills, she replied in civil monosyllables, but showed no sign of desiring his conversation. At last a stray and rather fatuous remark (he was talking nervously and rapidly) broke down her reserve. He had congratulated her upon living in such a delightful neighbourhood.

"Perhaps you wouldn't think so, sir, if you lived hereabouts."

Her voice had a thrilling quality of suppressed passion, and the accent, though provincial, was agreeable.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I hate it!"

There was condensed vehemence in the short sentence. He demanded a reason, and she gave a swiftly comprehensive answer.

"Would not anyone hate to be shut up in a place where there is nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing to learn, nothing to hope for—where the only amusement for women is backbiting, and the only amusement for men is drinking—where a pub stands at every corner ready for men to waste their money and senses in? What is there to like about such a place?"

Carew was more than startled at this outburst. The girl's impetuous words, her mutinous mouth and changing face made her personality irresistible. He scented some corroding trouble in her life, and connected it with her last words. Had she a sweetheart of too easy habits? If so, these twin villages, in which he had counted nearly twenty inns and beerhouses, would certainly put a tragic note into her life harmony. He probed again. If she hated her abode here so much, why didn't she change it? There were many openings for her.

"I should have left here long ago if I wasn't tied," she answered. "I have my trade, the lacemaking, and could earn as much as most by it, anywhere—or I could go on the stage. Once I very nearly joined the caravan people who go round to the fairs, to sing and dance in a show. They're more decent than anyone thinks, and it's a jolly life—always moving and out of doors. But I couldn't leave dad. I promised mother to look after him; else I'd be off like a shot."

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"I expect he's very fond of you," Carew hazarded.

The girl's lips curled up again. "Fond enough when he's all right," she said, and this told Carew what he wanted to know. He did not offer a remark, and, after a few moments' silence, she went on:

"He's always very sorry afterwards, when he's been—violent at night." She looked down at her thickly-shod feet in the coppery mass of leaves. "Poor old dad. He never went on like he does till after mother died, but I suppose he was lonesome at first, and couldn't bear the house, me being only a child. He don't mean to be rough—it's only——"

She broke off abruptly, and he fancied he saw the shine of tears under her lowered lashes. As she stooped to pick up her hat he caught the title of the book she had been reading. It was "A Cigarette Maker's Romance."

"Good evening, sir," she said, with a return of her first cool manner, and began to move away with a certain grace of poise that showed her not to be self-conscious.

"One moment," he pleaded. "I want you—will you sit for me to-morrow—to paint, I mean? I am an artist, and I have never seen such wonderful hair as yours in my life. Do let me try to make a picture of you."

To his further surprise she answered, with the first smile he had won from her: "Yes, I know my hair is all right, though the children here do call me 'Red-hot Poker' and such-like. But I've read about how the Venetian ladies were proud of their red hair, and used to spread it on copper trays in the sunshine to make it redder. I was wondering just now if I could sell it, like the girl in this book, for it's a lot of trouble, and a work-girl has got no business to be wasting time over her hair as I do. I should like to see it painted in a picture. Shall I let it down to show you?"

Almost before he could answer she had taken out the hairpins that held it, and the heavy mass rolled to her knees in lucent waves, almost covering her. Only for a moment, however. The quick colour rose in her face as before, and she began to knot it up again swiftly, with lowered eyes, ashamed of her impulse.

"It is magnificent!" he declared, "and it was very nice of you to show it to me. You have a right to be proud of it. When and where may I paint it? Can I come to your house, or——"

"No," she interrupted decisively, "I will sit on the green and you shall paint it before the whole village—at noon, when the children are all out of school. Then they will see that everyone does not laugh at red hair!"

Her smile as she said this was so naive that Carew asked: "Why, how old are you, child?"

"I shall be nineteen next birthday," she said, turning from him with an air of offence.

"Then I am ten years older than you, for I am twenty-eight," he told her, "and my name is Laurence Carew. You have not told me yours yet."

"Mine is Tritoma Garland." She wheeled round to see what effect the strange name would have on him; but he did not flinch or smile.

"It is a charming and uncommon name," he said, "but I like Torch Lily better. That has a world of poetry in it."

"I know nothing of poetry," the girl responded, he thought rather wistfully; "work-girls have no time for that. But I often wish I'd been called Mary Anne; it's more suitable. Good evening, sir. I'd better walk into the village alone, if you don't mind."

He drew a deep breath as she passed him and turned a corner in the woodland footpath that took her out of sight. The spell seemed to be raised by her vanished presence; the powerful charm, that had intoxicated his senses and sent his blood coursing wildly, gave place to his normal mood of half-amused introspection and self-criticism.

"I really thought you were hard hit, Larry my boy," he apostrophised himself, "but now I realise it was only a bit of twilight sorcery and you're as hungry as a hunter. What a queer little episode, though! One might easily fall in love with a witch like that and play the fool to a nice tune. It's lucky I can keep a level head, even when I've lost my heart to a wood-nymph. I have only to write a sonnet on her and paint that glorious 'flaming tar-barrel' to be completely cured of my passing fever and forget all about it."

But let no man flatter himself that he knows himself, or defy the destiny that is lying in wait for him round the corner, ready to pounce and work its will. For he would be wise indeed who could foretell his own actions, or even his own feelings, twenty-four hours in advance.

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II.

Carew went to bed early and, being very tired, expected to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. But, although he closed his eyelids resolutely, slumber did not throw her downy cloak over him. The witching face of Tritoma mocked him; the strong force of her personality dominated his mind, as her unusual beauty had dominated his senses. He had caught the note of tragedy in her passionate speech, and the suggestion that she had suffered, not only mental but bodily ill-treatment, made his heart burn. To save such a lovely and sensitive creature from suffering and indignity he felt that no sacrifice would be too great. Had not the poet, Rossetti, married a dressmaker, and had she not been cordially received by his friends?

But she was of refined birth and fairly well educated, whereas Tritoma was a rustic, probably a labourer's daughter, in spite of her gentle manner and accent, and she could have had no more than a village school education. Sober judgment prevailed over chivalry and romance in the end. He dismissed all ideas of rescuing the girl as preposterous, and composed himself once more for sleep.

Almost before he could answer she had taken out the hairpins that held it, and the heavy mass rolled to her knees in lucent waves.

But resolutions are easier made than kept. The rumble of voices, varied now and then by a shrill feminine laugh, from the bar below, disturbed his wakeful mind, and the haunting image of his wood-nymph would not be laid. In truth his destiny was coming nearer with every chime from the church tower opposite the inn, and to this day he cannot think of that fateful night without a curious feeling of having been pitched right out of real life into a region of magic and fantasy. It was all so sudden, so unexpected and overwhelming.

He slept at last and dreamt. In his dream he saw Tritoma standing in a white night-gown, with eyes full of fear, before a dreadful figure advancing towards her, a grinning drunken brute with clenched fist raised to strike her. Before Carew could stir, for he seemed paralysed, the blow fell, and a ghastly scream rang out!

He awoke, trembling all over, and sprang out of bed.

The rumble of voices below had changed to a high babel of male and female notes, through which a dull continuous groaning penetrated. He could catch nothing definite until he heard someone say, outside in the road: "Sir William's nearest—he'll be up and tallyphone quick."

Another yelled: "'Urry up; there's no

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time to lose." and a third, the shrill soprano of Mrs. Budd, sang out:

"One o' you fetch Tritoma sharp. She'd ought to be here; but don't frighten the poor girl to death. Maybe it ain't so bad as we think."

And through all this the groaning never ceased. It was horrible, like an animal in mortal agony!

Carew scrambled into his clothes and went down, with strange pulses beating in his head, and knees tottering. The bar was full of men, crowding round a figure on the floor whose head lay helplessly in Mrs. Budd's lap, while she wiped the sweat from it and moistened the lips with brandy and water. One glance at the face was enough to tell Carew that Tritoma's father lay there, for, in spite of the blurred features and ragged beard, there was a look of the girl faintly shadowed about the eyes and parted lips. He was obviously suffering intolerable agony, and the young man turned away sick at the sight.

Outside in the porch eager explanations were vouchsafed him. Garland had had quite enough drink, and so had Clay the w ggoner; both were getting quarrelsome, when Clay says to Garland: "You'd better go 'ome and look arter your gal. She's bin in the wood all the evening with a strange chap."

Of course it was only a joke, but Garland just give him his fist between the eyes, and before you could wink they was fighting like cats, and nobody could stop 'em. Clay, being much younger, got Garland down and kicked him in the stomach, which he didn't ought to have done, but was clean out of his mind with rage. Now he'll get manslaughter, sure as eggs, it being pretty plain as Garland's done for. And so on, an oration in the vernacular that Carew could not always follow, but he got the sense of it, and it was not over when Tritoma arrived, wrapped in a cloak, and pushed past him with horror in her eyes.

He heard her cry: "Daddy!—daddy, dear! Oh, what is the matter? What has he done to you—the brute!" and it thrilled through his very soul. He never forgot the sound of it to his dying day. Then he heard a panting voice say:

"Glad you've come, Tritomy—good girl—no man shall ever say a word against my girl. I'm done for, but I've taught him—he'll swing for it."

Something in the tone of the man's halting speech recalled the words Carew had heard Mrs. Budd say that morning, words that floated into his mind now: "Lost his money—came down in the world." There was a certain refinement of accent very different from that of the yokels about him, and Carew had noticed that his clutching hands were those of a skilled mechanic rather than a farm labourer. These reflections seemed to enhance the tragedy—to make it the saddest of all—a tragedy of deterioration and debasement, worse even than sudden death.

By this time the village policeman had come, and half the men of the place were congregated round the inn door. A litter was improvised, and Carew followed the little procession to the wounded man's cottage.

There he surprised himself by taking control of the situation. He ordered Tritoma to boil water at once, while he helped carry Garland upstairs and put him to bed. No one interfered or disputed his authority; and, by the time the first fomentation had elicited a sigh of relief from the sufferer, the doctor came and commended what had been done.

He wanted a trained nurse at once, but Tritoma rebelled:

"I can nurse him, doctor—I have done so before, and I'll do everything you tell me. He'd go mad at a strange lady here," she declared, "and I can get help from the neighbours."

Carew hardly knew her for the wild woodland creature of the night before. All the shine and snap had gone from her strange eyes; they were dark pools of sorrow, and the heavy hair, that hung in two massive plaits down her back, looked black in its dulness. Her face was waxen, and the red lips drawn into almost an invisible line.

There was no beauty about Tritoma at this moment, but something that clutched at his heart much more, a piteous womanly distress, mingled with a high courage and strength that gave her a certain distinction. She made a new appeal—to the soul of him; and it swelled with a great passion of love for her, love purged of the gross element of selfishness, for he seemed to want nothing but relief for her, to feel no desire but to comfort her.

Mrs. Budd, who had been helping her, left the cottage at two o'clock, when the morphia given to the patient began to take effect. But Carew stayed on with the doctor.

"Will he get over it, sir?" the girl asked, when they were downstairs again, moistening her dry lips and wringing her hands together to curb the trembling of her whole frame. Now that her strength was not practically needed she looked ready to collapse.

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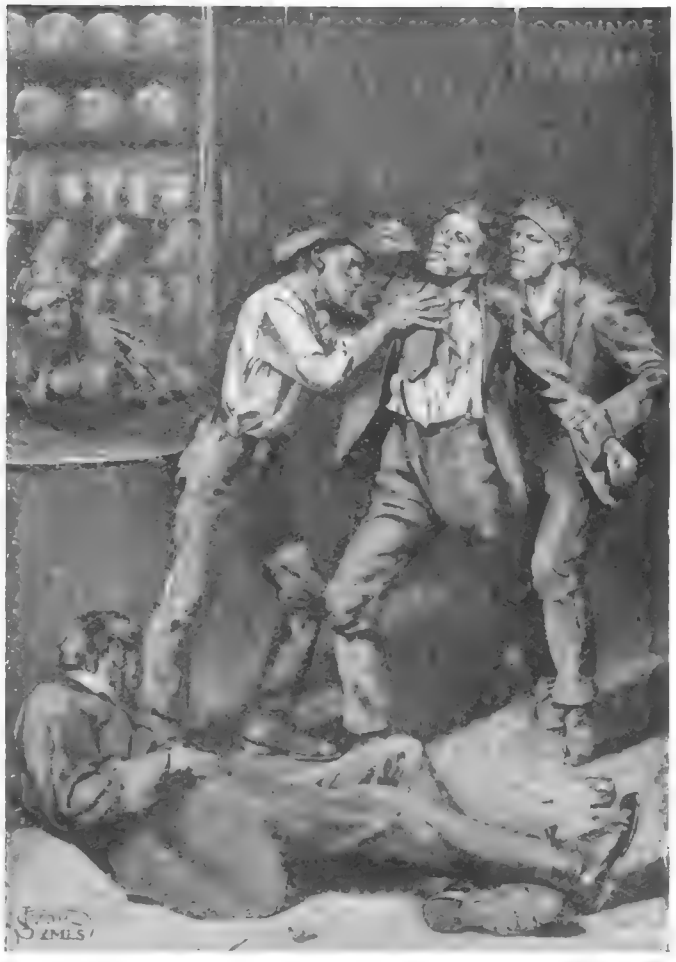
The doctor did not reply at once, but averted his eyes. Tritoma sank into a chair, and turned her face away as he murmured—"I fear not."

The hours crawled by in a silence broken only by the sounds Tritoma made in tidying up the cottage deftly. The doctor dozed, and Carew pretended to do the same, but he was watching the girl through half-closed eyes. She went upstairs, and came down again with her hair coiled neatly, and a clean pinafore over her dark gown.

At daybreak she began to prepare breakfast, laying the table mechanically, with nothing but a swift, long-drawn sigh now and again to mark the crisis through which she was passing. And the more pinched and plain her face grew, the more black shadows deepened under her eyes, the more Carew loved her and yearned over her.

For, as in certain climates fruit ripens quickly, so, in certain human situations, does love ripen. He might have known her half a lifetime and yet not known her so well as he learnt to do this night.



Clay, being much younger, got Garland down and kicked him.

Soon after noon Garland woke. His pain had gone, but life was ebbing. And when the setting sun threw its dying glow in at his window, he spoke his last words, with painful effort, and strained eyes fixed on his daughter's face, Carew and the doctor standing by:

"It's manslaughter—ain't it? Where's Clay?"

"He's outside, dad," she said hoarsely—"been there pretty well all day and night, tramping up and down, and asking if he could see you, but I wouldn't let him in."

"Fetch him up," gasped the dying man; "I want to see him. He's got a good wife—I had one once—and little children. Who's to keep 'em all if he—— Call him in—quick—Trity."

The hang-dog looking wretch who had tramped the road for so many hours was brought up to the bedside, his eyes bloodshot with agony.

"It was my fault, Clay—I hit you first," Garland panted. "You didn't mean no harm—it was all the fault—o' the liquor—we'd had a drop too much." His voice sank to nothing, and he looked piteously to Tritoma for a restorative, which she gave him, and he went on: "You didn't mean no harm, Clay—and I call you all—to witness—it was an accident—me falling—as I did—agen the bench. It was that hurt me—I fell agen the bench—and it caught me——"

The feeble whisper trailed off into silence. Clay fell on his knees beside the bed and sobbed, great blubbering sobs like those of a whipped child. And Tritoma stood with lips set and tears streaming down her face.

Carew went round to the other side of the

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bed where she was standing and put his arm very gently round her shoulders without speaking. She did not move until the doctor said:

"It is all over."

III.

Two men were talking of Laurence Carew's last picture, which had made a stir among the critics.

"A curious title," one said, "for a death-bed scene. You know the subject—a working-man dying in a garret, with the Great Shadow on his face, and three persons watching him. A fourth, apparently a farm labourer, has his face hidden in the bed by which he is kneeling. All the light in the room, and it is wonderfully done, comes from the hair of a girl, who is one of the watchers. It catches from a window the last gleam of the setting sun, giving out an almost unearthly lustre, as from an aureole. And it is called, of all unmeaning names, 'Torch Lily.'"

"Not so unmeaning as you think," said his companion. "I happen to know all about it. Tritoma, the botanical title of a certain flower known commonly as Torch Lily, is the name of Carew's wife, and she was the daughter of a village carpenter in Buckinghamshire, a man who had come of a good stock, but slid down hill through unsteady habits. The picture is a realistic study of this man's death scene. He was killed in a pothouse brawl, and died swearing it was an accident, to save his murderer, who had a wife and children dependent on him. I have met Carew's wife, a charming and beautiful woman."

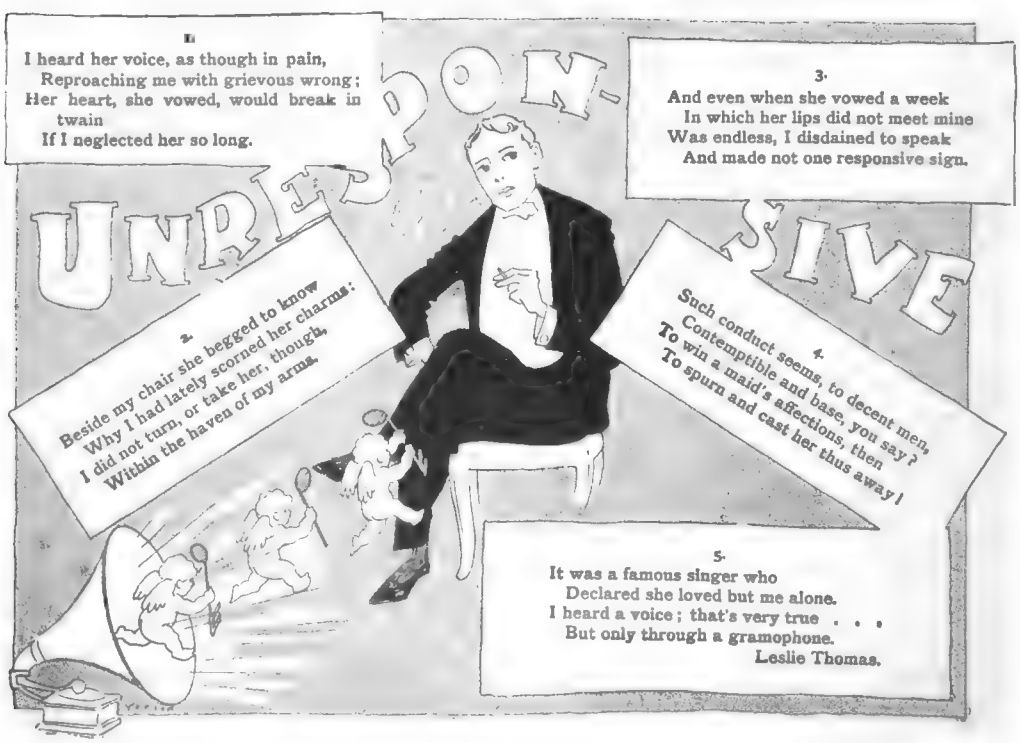
"She does not look either in this picture," said his friend with a laugh; "but a very ghastly impersonation of 'Our Lady of Pain.' The face on the canvas haunted me for days."

"And yet it is the same face that is so bewitching in 'The Wood Nymph,' and so full of womanly tenderness in the picture lately bought by the King, "A Mother of England.'"

"Impossible!"

"It is a fact. Carew puts his wife's face into every picture he paints, and there is no sameness about them either. His Torch Lily has certainly lighted him to fame—and, I think, to happiness."

"It is queer," said the other man.


UNRESPONSIVE
1.
I heard her voice, as though in pain,
Reproaching me with grievous wrong;
Her heart, she vowed, would break in twain
If I neglected her so long.
2.
Beside my chair she begged to know
Why I had lately scorned her charms;
I did not turn, or take her, though,
Within the haven of my arms.
3.
And even when she vowed a week
In which her lips did not meet mine
Was endless, I disdained to speak
And made not one responsive sign.
4.
Such conduct seems, to decent men,
Contemptible and base, you say?
To win a maid's affections, then
To spurn and cast her thus away!
5.
It was a famous singer who
Declared she loved but me alone.
I heard a voice; that's very true . . .
But only through a gramophone.
Leslie Thomas.

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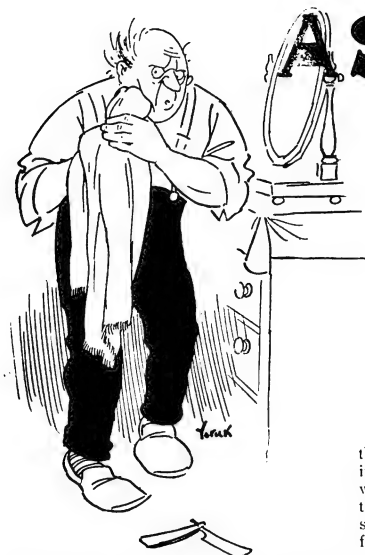
A Shaving Paper

The Habitual Expressions and Fearful Grimaces of Shavers Portrayed by Leading Humorous Artists. - - - - -

By M. Tindal.



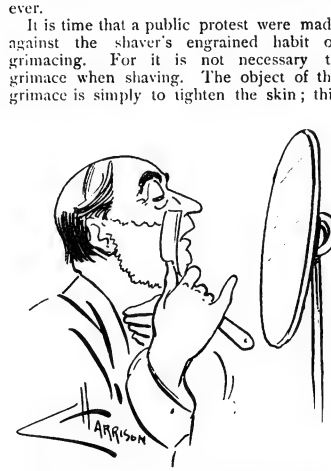
Although "Yorick's" shaver has apparently done great damage to his jaw, his power of speech is evidently unimpaired.

Our curate, at our parish entertainment the other day, told a story by way of amusing the audience which brought down the house, and established for ever his reputation as a humorist.

Ascending the stage with an expression of horror on his face, he announced that he had just seen a most fearful sight. As he had passed down the street he had chanced to look into a window, and a grimacing maniac met his eye. He was foaming at the lips; and the curate went on to describe in detail how his eyes were bursting out of his head, how his mouth was being drawn first to one side, then to the other, and how, ever and anon, he would grip the tip of his nose, and pull it high into the air. As the curate warmed to his description, so horrible grew his picture of the grimacing maniac that several young ladies prepared to faint; while the local policeman pressed his helmet firmly down, felt for his handcuffs and his bludgeon, and prepared to rush away and capture the madman at all costs.

In the end, of course, it turned out that the curate had been watching a man engaged in the operation of shaving; and so great was the general relief when he announced this anti-climax of his tale, that the laughter shook the skies, and the curate's reputation for humour, as I say, was established for ever.

It is time that a public protest were made against the shaver's engrained habit of grimacing. For it is not necessary to grimace when shaving. The object of the grimace is simply to tighten the skin; this



The shaver depicted by Mr. Harrison is very calm, and is giving an exhibition of perfect self-control.

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can be effected perfectly well with the tips of the fingers of the left hand; and it is only a matter of practice for a man to be able to keep his natural expression of countenance even while his razor is rounding the most difficult corners. Boys on the verge of the shaving era should be warned seriously against the grimacing habit. Love is long-suffering, but when called upon to watch the beloved shave, it is very liable to fly out of the window.

To prove that a man may shave himself and retain his dignity at the same time, I have only to call in evidence one of the sketches illuminating these pages, that done by

Mr. Lawson Wood's subject has contracted bulgy eyes through shaving.

Face exercise after the fashion of Mr. Tom Browne's shaver is liable to cause lockjaw.

Mr. Harrison, a picture of a judge before his shaving mirror. The old gentleman is going quite calmly to work, and really might be passing sentence on a hardened criminal for all the emotion his face expresses. To remain dignified while shaving is, I think, the highest sign of self-respect that a man can show.

Compare the judge's dignified expression with those of the other shavers portrayed. Who could love any one of them? And Heath Robinson proves, from a sketch made from an X-ray photograph, that the man who does not shave in a calm and dignified style, but affects all the poses of the contortionist, is liable to do serious injury to his spinal column; to say nothing of his facial muscles.

No doubt shaving is one of the chief worries of a beardless man's life. Shave he must, for a blue cheek and jowl are surely the most damning of all signs of slothfulness. The alternative is to be shaved—or to grow a beard. To be shaved in bed by a valet is one thing; to pay a visit to a distant barber's chair another. And what if the barber nicks your skin, and flicks the cut with a brush wherein a germ lurks? And what of the ghastly moment when he operates on your neck, and you think of what would happen should his hand slip? As to growing a beard, no self-respecting young man in these

This sketch by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, made from an X-ray photograph, proves that the contortionist is liable to do serious injury to his spinal column.

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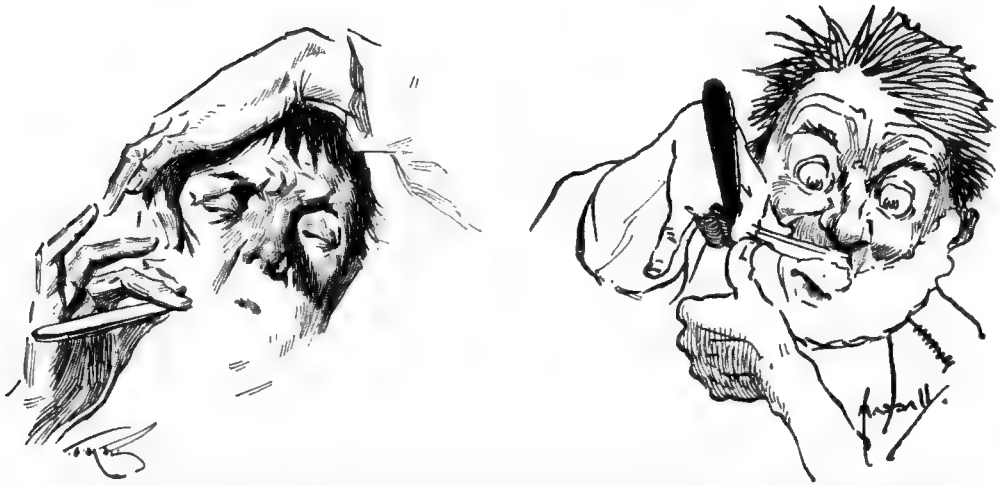


The depressed and melancholy shaver with downcast hair pictured by Mr. T. Heath Robinson differs greatly from Mr. Hassall's terrified gentleman with bristling head. The first one shuts his eyes to disaster, while the other's are wide open with fear as he is apparently about to cut his lip off.

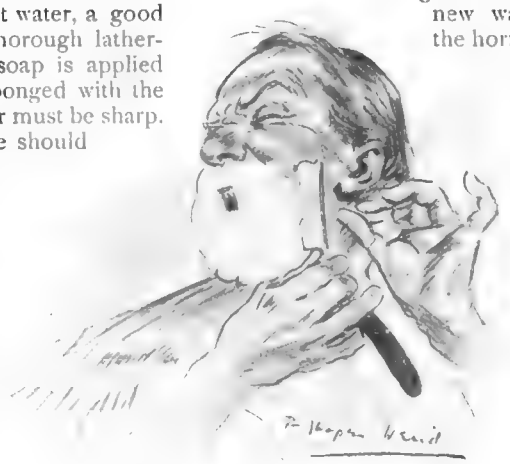
days would think of doing so barbaric a deed.

Yes, a man must shave himself in the normal course of things, until the happy day dawns when a substitute for the razor is found. There are men who go through life without learning the secrets of the shaver's art. Their razors are always blunt, and the more they strop them the blunter they become. Every morning they hack themselves, and the blood flows, until in time they are as scarred as a German duellist. And the result of this hacking is to leave their faces covered with tufts of hair.

In theory shaving is simple enough if you follow the barber's directions. First of all he insists on hot water, a good shaving soap, and a thorough lathering; but before the soap is applied the face should be sponged with the water. Next, the razor must be sharp. In stropping, the blade should not be at right angles to the leather, but should be moved slanting-wise up the length of the strop, with even pressure, in this way following the grain of the steel. So in shaving, a slanting stroke is required, and the blade should be flat to the face. The skin should be kept taut by pressure with the dry tips of the left hand's fingers.

That is one theory of shaving; no doubt there are many others; every shaver discovers secrets for himself. The problem is to carry out the theories with skill, and this is where nine out of ten shavers fail all the days of their lives.

But now, happily for mankind, there comes to the rescue the safety razor and the patent stropping machine. Some men have tried every kind of safety razor and stropping machine on the market, yet have gone back to the original razor and strop. This is because they have acquired skill in the old way of shaving, and have failed to master the new way. When mastered, the horrors of shaving cease to exist. With a good safety razor a man may shave himself with cold water, ordinary soap, and in the dark quickly and easily, and with no fear of cutting himself. And gradually, as he learns to shave by the new and easy method, he loses the bad habit of making grimaces. Experts with the safety razor have been known to look poetical while shaving.



One can well imagine the grunts and groans emitted by Mr. Jasper Weird's agonised shaver.

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The next thing 'e knew was a ringin' box on the ear that made 'im drop the poker and sent 'im rollin' in the corner.

A Tale of Domestic Strife.

By Brinsley Moore.

"It's a step as people should be more careful about," said the landlord. "In most other things you can get out of it if it don't come up to wot you expected. But marriage, bein' in the ordin'ry way for life, is different, and folks ought to be on their guard. It's want o' care before'and as gives rise to such a lot of discontent.

"There was Bill Squires. 'E wasn't a native of these parts, 'avin' come in consequence of in'eritin' the 'ouse and bizness of old Mrs. Taplow, as was a sort of aunt of 'is. The bizness was noo to 'im, and 'e didn't make much of a success of it, till 'e got a widder named Mrs. Noakes to be 'is 'ousekeeper. A capable sort of person was Mrs. Noakes, and she managed not only the 'ouse but the bizness so well, that at the end of two years there was a nice little balance to put by—such a balance that Bill's 'eart was quite touched, and out of pure gratitood 'e went and married that 'ousekeeper!

"Now, mind you, I 'aven't a word to utter agenst gratitood. As my mother used to say, gratitood is the brightest jewil in the British constitution. And if Bill's gratitood 'ad taken a reasonable form—say, a noo dress, or even a perm'nent increase of sal'ry—well, it would only 'ave bin a proper reckernition of 'er merits. But when a man lets 'is gratitood carry 'im as far as gettin' married, you may expect as trouble will result.

"And it was so with Bill. The managin' spirit as 'e so much admired in the 'ouse and the bizness was now brought to bear on 'im. And it was done so drastic that within three months of the weddin' Bill was 'eartily sorry for wot 'e was let in for.

"Of course, there is a many in 'is position. But most of them 'as the good sense to see as wot is done can't be undone, and must be put up with. The awk'ard thing about Bill was that 'e never seemed to know when 'e was beat. I never did see a man so bent on

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doin' wot was impossible. 'Is one idee was 'ow to get out of it.

"Now, you know, of course, *I* told him straight as it couldn't be done. But there were a many that gave 'im contrairy advice.

"For instance, 'e 'ad a talk with Joe Field. It was jest about the time as Joe got disappointed in Spiritchulism and took up 'ipnotism instead. 'E was very full of 'is noo idee, and was certain as it would prove a remedy for all 'uman ills.

"'All you 'ave to do,' says Joe, 'is to get a person into a proper 'ipnotic condition, and you can make them do wotever you suggest. In two minutes you could influence your wife into such a lovin', kind creature as would be a comfort to you.'

"'But I don't want that,' says Bill. 'I want 'er to dislike me—to be that set agenst me that she'll want to go away.'

"'Well,' says Field, 'that's just as easy. Suggest very strong as you're a thoroughly bad man, with no moril principles wotever, and a disposition as is evil all round; and she'll 'ate you so much that she'll be glad to separate on any terms as you prepose. The great thing is to get 'er will under your control: all the rest is easy.'

"But, as you might expect, a wild idee like that didn't come to much. I *'ave* seen a mesmerist, at an entertainment down in Milltown, as seemed to 'ave full control of the people that went up on the platform; 'e made them eat raw cabbages, and swim on dry land, and fight rats as they thought was runnin' about. Which shows you that mesmerism may be a great power, if you know 'ow to work it—unless, as a many 'ave thought, the victims is 'ired to do it. But as neither Joe nor Bill knew 'ow to do it, the notion didn't give 'im much 'elp.

"It was jest about then as a fresh ray of 'ope came to 'im through somethink wot 'e read in the noospaper. It was the case of a man that got joodicially separated from 'is wife on the ground of cruelty; and several things as the wife said in 'er evidence reminded Bill so much of Mrs. Squires' way of talkin' that 'e quite felt it must be a similar case to 'is own. And the verdic', which was as they should live apart, allowin' the wife five shillin' a week, was so much accordin' to Bill's own notion of wot was right that 'e made up 'is mind to go and consult that man as to 'ow it could be done.

"The man lived at a village seven miles off, and next Saturday Bill walked over to 'ave a talk with 'im. After a little searchin', 'e found 'im in the village public, and 'e seemed very ready to talk of wot 'e 'ad gone through. 'Is remarks on women, and especially on wives, exactly fitted in with wot Bill thought.

"'Naggin' from mornin' till night, orderin' about and interferin' at every turn, sp'ilin' all your pleasures and enj'yments—that's wot a wife seems to think she is for. "Five shillin' a week," says the beak, "and live apart." "And cheap at the price," I says at once, and paid it willin'.'

"Then Bill told 'im about *'is* wife, and the cases seemed so similar that 'e got quite 'opeful.

"'Then you think,' 'e said at last, 'as there's enough cruelty for me to get a separation?'

"'You?' says the man. 'Why, bless your 'eart, *you* can't get a separation! No matter wot women do to us, *we* can't call in joodicial interference. It's only when a man stands up for 'is rights and won't be put on, as the magistrates will look at the case and call it croolty. And,' says the man, 'if you'll take my advice, as one as 'as gone through it, you'll do it with a poker—not a stick.'

"'Ow do you mean?' arst Bill, bein' always a bit slow to take things in.

"'Well, it's like this,' says the man. 'There was a friend o' mine that thought as it could be done more gentlemanly, as you may say, with a walkin'-stick. And wot was the result? Why, common assault, a month's imprisonment, and all the trouble over agen when 'e comes out. Now, *I* knew better than that. It was the poker as I took up. "Poker?" says the beak, directly it was mentioned. "Why, you brutal blackguard, you're not fit to 'ave a wife. Five shillin' a week," says 'e, "and live apart." "And cheap at the price," I says, and paid it willin'.'

"It was only after Bill 'ad 'eard this story about a dozen times in the same words that 'e gradually began to grasp wot 'e 'ad to do. And it took 'im all those seven miles back to think out 'ow to do it.

"Eleven was strikin' on the church clock when 'e got 'ome; and Mrs. Squires began on 'im at once to know where 'e 'ad bin. She was so nasty in 'er remarks that 'e felt 'is oppertoonity 'ad come sooner than 'e expected. 'E stooped down at the fireplace and picked up the poker.

"The next thing 'e knew was a ringin' box on the ear that made 'im drop the poker and sent 'im rollin' in the corner. Then 'e was ordered to get up at once and go to bed without 'is supper. Wot with 'is empty stummick and the blow to 'is 'ead, 'e

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didn't get much sleep; but 'e couldn't 'elp feelin' proud that 'e 'ad 'ad the suddin courage to do it, and thankful as 'is release was now so certain.

"'I suppose,' 'e says, 'alf way through breakfast next mornin'—'I suppose as you'll be goin' to the magistrates now.'

"'Wot for?' arst Mrs. Squires, it bein' the first words as she 'ad spoken.

"'Why, about that poker,' says Bill, very 'umble. 'Cruelty, you know, and a joodicial separation.'

"'Magistrates?' cried Mrs. Squires. 'Well, things are come to a pretty pass if I can't manage a man like you without callin' in magistrates! No, Mr. Squires,' says she, 'the only result of your violence will be that in future your allowance will be redooced, and you will come in every night at eight. I'm not goin' to 'ave a 'usband of mine sittin' drinkin' to all hours and comin' 'ome to make a fool of 'imself with a poker.'

"So that excellent little plan fell through entirely.

"Now, you'd 'ave thought after all these disappointments that Bill would 'ave let it drop. But 'e didn't. Within three weeks 'e was round at Jonathan Wicks, the shoemaker's, takin' 'is advice.

"'It's a pity,' says Jonathan, when 'e'd found out wot was expected of 'im—'it's a pity as you didn't come to me at the first. I could 'ave saved you a lot of trouble. You may take it from me as there's but one way out of it. The only man I know that ever succeeded in wot you aim at was Alf Miles, and 'e did it by brigamy.'

"'Ow do you mean?' arst Bill.

"Why, you've 'eard of Brigham Young the Mormon, wot 'ad so many wives?' said Jonathan. 'Well, there you 'ave it: Brigham, Brigamy—'avin' more wives than you ought to. Now the law is agen that sort of thing. Consequintly, when Alf Miles planned to go off with some pals to farm in Canada, and, bein' tired of Mrs. Alf, didn't want to take 'er with 'im, 'e jest gets a friend to call and tell 'er as Alfrid 'ad already got a wife before 'e married 'er. And Mrs. Miles, bein' a partic'ler woman, and dreadin' wot the neighbours would say, not only let 'im go but paid 'is passige to get 'im out of the country and avoid the scandil.'

"Bill was a good deal took with that case of Alfrid Miles—'is only regret bein' that 'e 'adn't 'ad the forethought to marry somebody else before 'e took Mrs. Noakes.

"'That's no detriment at all,' says Wicks; 'indeed, it's rather a point in favour of tryin,' 'cos, even if it failed, you couldn't be punished.'

"'I don't quite foller you,' says Bill.

"'Why,' says Wicks, 'if you'd *reely* committed brigamy, you could be put in prison. But if you jest pretend as you 'ave done it, you can get all you want by private arrangement; and the law, if it did interfere, would only look foolish at the 'oax. But it wouldn't; you needn't trouble about that. Your wife's first thought would be to 'ush it up.'

"'Why?' says Bill. 'You don't know wot Martha is. She'd be glad to see the pleece come and take me off.'

"'Not for brigamy,' says Jonathan. 'That's the beauty of the little scheme I suggest. If it was forgery or murder as you accused yourself of, there might be a risk. In such a case she might say: "Serve you right—let the law take 'is course." But not in brigamy—there's no fear of that there. For why? Because in brigamy she'd have to suffer too. If it got known, she'd be no longer your wife at all; she'd 'ave to turn out of the 'ouse and bizness, and start agen as a penniless widder—to say nothink of the disgrace of 'avin' lived all these months with a 'usband wot 'ad got a wife already.

"'Why, man alive,' says Jonathan, 'it's the very safest kind of wickedness as you could possibly accuse yourself of. She'll do anythink to 'ush it up and get you out of the way. You'll be able to make your own terms; leave 'er to work your bizness 'ere, go off yourself with a lump sum down, and draw a weekly pension for life!'

"It took Bill several days to get a reel 'old of Wicks' idee—indeed, I doubt myself whether it would ever 'ave come to anythink at all but for a letter from George Emerson. George 'ad gone out to Ameriky, and was doin' well; and 'e wrote (not knowin' as Bill 'ad 'ampered 'imself with a wife) and offered to find him a good post if 'e would go out and join 'im. It was 'avin' that letter that made Bill reckerlect the case of Alfrid Miles, and sent 'im round agen to consult Jonathan Wicks.

"'I've bin thinkin' over your persition, says Jonathan, as soon as 'e was seated, 'and it works out very clear. All you 'ave to do is to give out as you're James Thompson—and the thing's settled!'

"'Who's 'e?' arst Bill.

"'James Thompson,' says Wicks, 'was the man as married my niece Eliza on June 21st, 1896, as anybody can see on consultin' the marriage registers of Little Salford Church in Linkinshire. James Thompson

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"'Why, man alive,' says Jonathan, 'it's the very safest kind of wickedness as you could possibly accuse yourself of.'"

was the man as, after livin' five years in that peaceful village with 'is lawful wedded wife, borrered £30 of my own brother Silas as is still livin' there to testify, and disappeared absolutely and entirely—jest six months afore you came as a stranger to these parts.

"'The dates, you see, might 'ave bin made on purpose for you. 'E was a man much of your figger and 'ight. If 'e'd grown your bit of a beard 'e'd 'ave bin as much like you as two peas. And,' says Jonathan, 'if it will 'elp you to get off, I don't mind goin' as far as to suspect as you might be 'im, by reason of that mole on your arm or any other little deformity as you like to tell me of.'

"Well, that was the scheme as they concocted between them. It was arranged that Bill should be out next mornin', and while 'e was away, Jonathan Wicks called in to see Mrs. Squires. In a private interview, 'e 'inted that 'e 'ad strong suspicions that Bill Squires was formerly James Thompson, owin' to the mole on 'is wrist and the way 'e sneezed. And 'e said that if 'is surmise was troo, 'is conscience would make it necessary to denounce 'im for 'avin' two wives.

"When 'e was gone Bill came in, and Mrs. Squires attacked 'im about it at once. 'E made a full confession on the lines that Wicks 'ad taught 'im—the marriage under another name, desertin' 'is first wife, the brigamy, and all the rest of it, with dates and pertic'lers to correspond. And 'e finished up by suggestin' that for the sake of all concerned it was best that 'e should quietly disappear—proposin' to leave Mrs. Squires in possession of the bizness if she would pay 'is passige out and make 'im a monthly allowance to begin life agen in a forrin land.

"Mrs. Squires took it much calmer than 'e expected.

"'I always thought,' she said, 'as there was somethink unsatisfactory about you. But I never guessed at anythink as bad as this.'

"Then she went upstairs and put on 'er best bonnet and mantil.

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"'Where are you goin'?' arst Bill.

"'Goin'?' says Mrs. Squires. 'Why, to Little Salford in Linkinshire to look into this. You don't think I'm goin' merely to take your word for it, do you?'

"And Bill passed a very unsettled day, wonderin' if she would find out the deception.

"It was late at night when she got back 'ome agen; and she brought three small children with 'er. Bill could 'ardly believe 'is eyes at the sight, and 'e was still more astonished when 'e found 'imself bein' introjuiced to them as 'their cruel father wot 'ad deserted and left them to the charity of others.'

"'Children?' says Bill, like a man out of 'is mind.

"'Ah!' says Mrs. Squires, 'you thought as you could keep that back from me, I suppose? You found yourself obliged to admit as you'd got a wife; but you never mentioned as you'd a little family as well. And you didn't tell me wot a nice respectable character James Thompson 'as got over there—'ow you're wanted for ev'ry kind of badness under the sun—robb'ry, and embezzlin', and vi'lent assault—to say nothink of owin' Jonathan Wicks' brother £30, which I've 'ad to pay for 'im to 'old 'is tongue, besides 'avin' to take charge of your deserted children to stop them puttin' the pleece on you at once.'

"Bill was a long time in gettin' at the drift of all this. 'E was even beginnin' to deny all these things as she was reproachin' 'im with—when suddinly a 'appy thought struck 'im.

"'It's all troo, Martha,' 'e says—'that, and a lot more as I daren't even tell you about. I've bin a thoroughly bad man, and there's things as I've done over there that'll get me years and years of imprisonment if they come to know as I'm still alive. And that,' 'e says, 'taken along with the brigamy, only shows that the sooner you get me out of the country the better.'

"'I don't care,' says Mrs. Squires. 'I've done my best, and can't do no more. Let them imprison you; it will serve you right.'

"'But the brigamy,' says Bill—'turnin' you out of your persition and 'ome!'

"Mrs. Squires only smiled.

"'Don't you trouble yourself about that. Wotever they do to you won't affect me. You're evidently not aware as your pore first wife, Eliza Thompson, died a good twelvemonths ago—long before you married me. So, you see,' she says, 'bad as you've bin, it won't 'urt me; there's no brigamy about it at all!'

"I *'ope* as it taught 'im a lessin. It was, as you may guess, a bizness that took a lot of settlin' up. Jonathan Wicks' brother wasn't the sort of man to give up that £30 without a pretty full inquiry; and the relashuns made no end of a bother before they would take the children back."

"'Children?' says Bill, like a man out of 'is mind."

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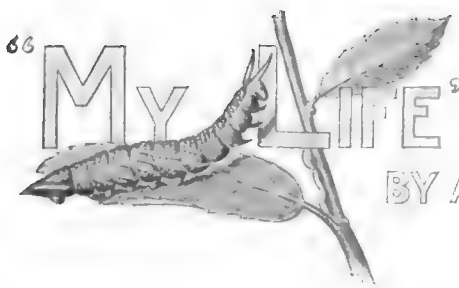

"My Life" by a Caterpillar

A Chapter of Autobiography.

By E. C. Andrews.

I was born in early July. The sun burnt like a blotch of molten silver in the blue, the broad, grassy, thistle-decked rides in the New Forest palpitated with heat waves, and echoed with bird calls when my mother, an immense butterfly with black and white pinions, came floating over a lordly oak, and with a flicker of her glorious wings deposited me on a small sallow bush beneath.

"You're the prettiest egg I ever saw in my life!" she exclaimed, as she glued me down tightly to the underside of a fresh green leaf. "I should very much like to look after you, but as I have at least ninety-nine more to lay, and only three more weeks to live and do it in, I have no time." And with that she spread her "sail-broad vanes" and floated away.

I flatter myself she paid me no idle compliment. In shape I resembled a thimble with beautifully fluted sides; my colour was a delicate grass green, and my size the fifty-thousandth part of a hen's egg. Small, you say? Nonsense! Trust a human being to depreciate me if he possibly can.

Well, for nine days I remained an egg—a limbless, senseless, defenceless babe, rocked to and fro in my leaf-cradle by the soft summer breeze. The dews moistened me by night, the sun scorched me by day. Once a thunderstorm came on; the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the hail clattered down with such force that I narrowly escaped being smashed. When it was over, an awful, hoary-looking earwig came scraping across the leaf, tapping it with his feelers; next came a vicious spider, with eight sprawling legs, all covered with bristles and a horrid saturnine smile on his wicked face. He wanted to suck my blood. But by great good luck a small, green, wingless thing like an egg, only with six legs, crossed his path. I inwardly blessed that obliging plant aphis. The spider promptly chewed it up and strolled away without observing me.

It was really quite depressing, the number of dangers that beset me. Nature so ordains that at least eighty out of every hundred eggs laid by a butterfly or moth in these islands perish, either as eggs, or caterpillars, or chrysalids. The competition among us for existence is tremendous, and quite puts into the shade the competition of human beings. I am happy and proud to say that I escaped destruction during my nine days' incubation, and on the tenth, early in the morning, just as the flaring dawn lit up the cool eastern sky, I bit a large hole in my

"You're the prettiest egg I ever saw in my life!" she exclaimed, as she glued me down tightly to the underside of a fresh green leaf.

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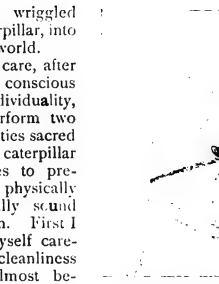
shell and wriggled out, a caterpillar, into the weary world.

My first care, after becoming conscious of my individuality, was to perform two duties—duties sacred to every caterpillar who wishes to preserve a physically and morally sound constitution. First I cleaned myself carefully over, cleanliness coming almost before godliness in our tribe.



I bit a large hole in my shell and wriggled out, a caterpillar, into the weary world.

I managed this without a sponge, washglove, towel, and soap, being more self-reliant and original than a human being. Standing on my hind legs, I bent my head far over my back and proceeded carefully to rub my body over with my mouth, working slowly up to my neck. As for the head itself, I simply scrubbed it against some of the downy hair that grew all over the sallow leaf. Next, being really clean—you human things never are!—I performed duty number two. I gobbled up my egg-shell.

After a brief nap to aid digestion, feeling curious as to my personal appearance, I crawled to the end of the leaf and surveyed myself in a dewdrop. One of your kind did a similar thing—her name was Eve, I think. She was conceited enough to think herself beautiful, but if only she had had *my* keen eyes she would have found herself one mass of hideous skin-scales and stalks—hairs you call them.

As for me, I flatter myself that I made an exquisite picture in my dewdrop mirror—a large, nut-brown, intellectual head, a bright green, plush-soft body tapering away into a point, and on my back a fancy waistcoat of pale whitish-yellow stripes. This fancy waistcoat was not bought at a tailor's. Not a bit of it. We caterpillars are more self-reliant than human beings. I and my waistcoat were born together. The reason I wear it on my back is that on the spot where you mortals wear yours I have six legs. These legs would come in the way, and, besides, I walk on my stomach. I think it very silly to walk on one's hind legs.

But to return. Preliminary operations being finished, I set about the main business of my life—eating. Seizing the shiny green surface of the leaf in my jaws, I gnawed at it steadily until the surface cracked. Then I sucked in the juice and chewed up the material, making a little hole about the size of a pin's head. I knew by instinct that this bush was here for me to feed on, and I may say that I did justice to the rich repast. By this time, morning being well advanced, I fell asleep.

At twilight I woke up and took another meal, and when that was finished I entered upon a little work of art not always practised by caterpillars. I made myself a silk mattress to lie on. You shall hear how it is done.

I have behind my jaws a little gland or pocket full of web. Opening this pocket, I pull out a thread. Taking my stand on the middle of the upper side of a green leaf, I fix my jaws on a spot on my right, fasten the end of the thread there, and then draw it across the leaf's surface for about half-an-inch to my left. Here I fix the thread down, and proceed at once to draw another across the leaf's surface back to my right again. I repeat this operation about a thousand times in various directions, across and across the same area, with the result that a beautiful silken mattress is made which even so blind a thing as a human being can see if he happens to fix his wandering attention on the right spot. I lie on this mattress all day long quite motionless, waking up regularly at twilight and at dawn to make a meal.

Waste of time, I think I hear you say. Wrong again. It is not a waste of time. It is one of the smartest things I ever did to lie quite still on a silk mattress all day long and feed at twilight. I will let you into the secret.

I am surrounded by a host of enemies. Spiders, beetles, earwigs, flies, wasps, plant leeches, and ichneumons scamper and flutter and whirr round the bush hourly—particularly in the hot sunshine. Any one of these would pounce on me directly it caught sight of me. They are all inferior people, and can only see a thing when it wriggles wildly or kicks up a noise. So all I have to do is to sit quite still in the sunny hours, and delude them into thinking I'm only a bud. If an extra curious beetle should try to crawl up and inspect me he finds his way barred by my silk mattress,

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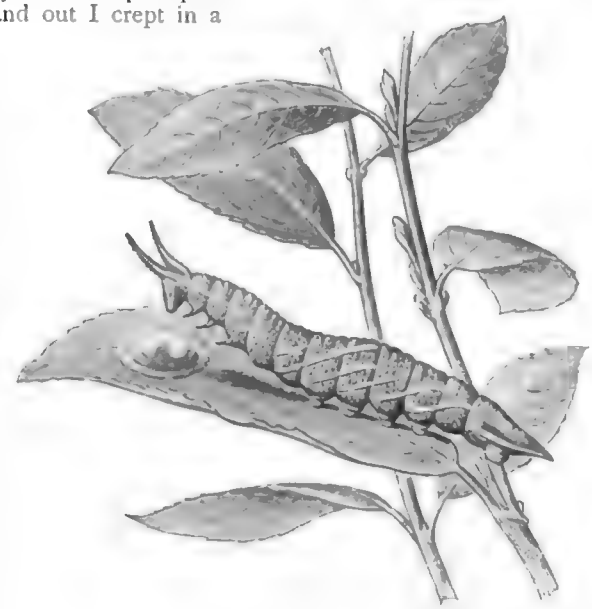
which catches in his feet and puts his toes out of joint. This hurts him, and he is only too glad to clear off. So now you can see how cleverly I arrange my life.

Hard times, however, were in the immediate future. To begin with, although I did not eat very much, I speedily grew out of my clothes, and had to acquire new garments. Early in August I began to feel quite ill. I became stone blind, all the flesh left my face, head, and legs, and contracted inwards. For three days I lay on my silk mattress without moving or eating. On the fourth I found my skin so tight that I thought I should die of suffocation. This was the psychological moment. I strained and pushed and wriggled. Suddenly--crack! My old coat split apart down my back, and out I crept in a new suit.

My next act was to survey myself in a dewdrop. I saw the same coloured coat, only beautifully bright and new. But my head had completely altered. Two long horns projected from each side, like those of an antelope in shape; and the head itself was square. A lovelier sight I never witnessed. You human beings could scarcely get such a suit even by going to a tailor.



My next act was to survey myself in a dewdrop.

After sitting for about three hours to get dry, I turned me about, and ate my old suit up—this being a duty similar to that of eating my egg shell, and always practised by robust, moral caterpillars. It was but a thin, delicate, crumpled heap of skin, and I got through it in about three minutes. Of course, my sight had come back, and I was able to survey the bright blue sky above and the rich green foliage around. The air fell like balm on my new coat. I crawled to a drip half-an-inch away, and drank it off at one gulp. We caterpillars are teetotallers. Some think we never drink anything at all. But this is wrong. We like water very much.

Then the old life began again. I crawled away on to another leaf higher up on the bush, and spun a new silk mattress to fit my increased bulk. On this I lay motionless by day, feeding at twilight and dawn. Monotonous, you say? Possibly, to a discontented mind. But caterpillars are the most amiable and contented beings in the world. They are not human, I rejoice to say.

Many weeks of simple happiness elapsed, until I again went blind, and lay by to grow a new suit. It was soon after this that the most awful trial of my life began—a trial of which I never think without a shiver going down my throat (I say my throat because I have such an immensely long one. In fact, it runs all the way down inside my back. I never go in for such things as bones).

I had been growing daily, and now was nearly as big, and much about the same in shape, as a cribbage-board peg. One night a violent storm came on. The pines and oaks around kept up an incessant hissing and roaring; leaves in thousands streaked the air, torn from their branches by the frantic wind. As I lay on my silk mattress, holding on with all my strength, I felt the air grow cold and raw, and knew that the summer and autumn had departed, and that here was I, a caterpillar in my teens, so to speak, young, innocent, and sensitive, faced by the prospect of a five months' fast, during which I was to be drowned, dried, and frozen alternately by our capricious English winter—and all this on an empty stomach!

"Why didn't you grow faster, and get big and strong, and turn into a chrysalis?" I fancy I hear you ask. The truth of the matter is, some of the silliest things you human beings say are about insects and the weather. My life in the summer was a work of art down to the smallest detail, and one of my smartest tricks was the trick of growing slowly.

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The bigger the caterpillar the severer the struggle to get through the winter. That is a positive fact. Of course, a hesitating human being would make no end of a fuss if left on a sallow bush in the middle of the New Forest to pass the winter without food and shelter. But we caterpillars have no fear, and no hesitation. All I did was this:

I had no horns and no legs now. My back arched up like the keel of a modern liner, my colour was more refined, a delicious art green all over, and my size was about one inch and a tenth from end to end.

I crawled off my leafy perch just before the wind swept it away with all the other leaves, and made a methodical tour of every branch of the now almost denuded bush. As soon as I found a twig not quite so exposed to the skies as the rest I spun a silk mattress upon it, fastened my hind and fore legs firmly into the threads, bent my frontal horns over my face till they touched the twig, and forthwith sank into a profound sleep.

I may remark, as proof of my unusual cleverness, that I had by this time lessened the circulation of my blood, and turned my green coat into a muddy brown one to harmonise with the twig. This made me look like a scrap of wood, or an elongated bud. And that is how I passed the winter.

I need not dwell on those long, gloomy months, during which the drenching rains soaked my skin, the fog stifled my breathing, and the frost settled on my loins and froze me so hard that you could have snapped me like glass between your fingers. I omit such details of fortitude and heroism with becoming modesty, and will content myself by stating that I s'ept through it all as soundly as though I were dead.

The next thing I remember was a warm, tingling sensation in my back. With a start I raised my head, opened my eyes, and found it was spring. A pale blue sky stretched above, a soft wind fanned my face, and on the surrounding branches big, silvery green lumps protruded.

When I first caught sight of these, I thought it had been raining large, fluffy, white caterpillars. Wearily I crawled off my silken bed to the nearest, and, making a low bow, remarked that it was a fine morning. But the stupid thing took no notice. This made me angry, and I was just about to pass a caustic criticism on its manners when I saw that it was no caterpillar at all, but a long, woolly, fir-cone sort of growth coming out of the twig. In fact it was nothing in this wide, wide world but a sallow catkin. With a cry of delight I plunged my weather-worn, thirsty head into its rich green moist depths.

Oh how delightful to drink water and taste food again! I think if the spring had been late I should have died of exhaustion.

But by now most of my difficulties were over. A few weeks' struggling against repeated attacks of winter, during which I drank water but ate nothing, then May came in and found me once more upon a rich green, leafy sallow with the sun burning in the bright blue sky, the birds filling the forest with music, and all my old enemies humming and whirring and crawling round. I ate voraciously and drank like a fish, had two new suits, and became fat, heavy, and lovelier than ever.

One afternoon a couple of men passed my bush and noticed me.

"Look at that fat green slug!" cried one.

This made me very angry. I reared myself up in my wrath and spat at them. "I'm not a slug!" I shrieked. "I'm a strong-minded caterpillar that has been through more trials than any man on earth. Can't you see my beautiful waistcoat? Do slugs have waistcoats like that?"

But they were too deaf to hear and passed on.

"My next visitors were entomologists. "Why here's a Purple Emperor caterpillar!" they cried. "Isn't it a glorious creature!"

I raised my head, expanded my chest, and smiled kindly upon them, for they were discerning people.

Some little time after they had gone I crawled forward to refresh myself with a

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raindrop that had fallen on the leaf when the air began humming in a most marvellous fashion. It was as though a brass band had struck up and everybody were playing the same note.

Raising my head apprehensively I saw a winged monster hovering in the air just over my back, creating quite a gale with the beating of its transparent pinions. It had a gigantic sword sticking out of the end of its body. I knew the dragon well. It was what you human beings call an ichneumon. It wanted to pierce my skin with its sword and then lay eggs in the wound so that they would hatch there, feed on my very vitals, and grow up into more ichneumons while I sickened and died

Summoning all my innate heroism and strength, I turned round and struck at it with my horns. Each time I struck, it fluttered off a little way and then returned to renew the onslaught. For five whole minutes the battle lasted, and then—thanks to my undaunted spirit and the terrible attitudes I struck—it gave in and flew away with a despairing hum to hunt out some other and easier victim.

My troubles practically ended here. For the next two weeks the weather was so hot and I got so hungry and thirsty that I did nothing but eat and drink. Then, one cool dewy morning came a marvellous change. My grass-green suit turned milky white. My waistcoat slowly faded. I spun a silk mattress on the underside of a big leaf and suspended myself from it, head downwards, just like a bat. In this graceful attitude I remained for three days, contracting slowly. My breathing almost stopped, my legs shrivelled, and my eyes lost their sight.

On the fourth day I performed my last sacred rite as a caterpillar. Pressing tightly forward I burst my suit down the back and slipped out—the loveliest chrysalis in the whole of the British Isles.

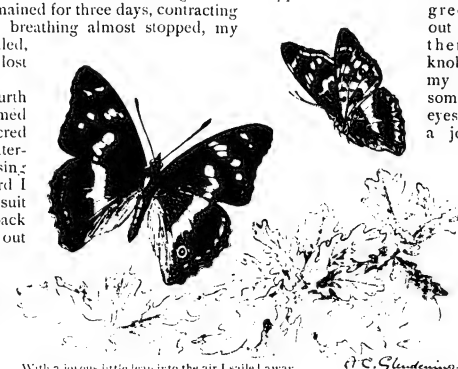
I had no horns and no legs now. My back arched up like the keel of a modern liner—in fact, I was not unlike in form to a liner standing upside down without masts or other excrescences; but my colour was more refined, a delicious art green all over, and my size was about one inch and a tenth from end to end.

In this fairy-like cradle I slept profoundly through the burning glow of sunshiny latter-day June, slung up securely in my moist leafy home, swaying to and fro in the pine-scented air, warm and happy. A fortnight passed thus, and then my art-green dormitory changed colour. The walls darkened rapidly till they became almost black. At last one morning early in July, exactly a year from the date when my mother laid me, a minute egg, on the bush, I split open the top of my chrysalis shell and crept out—a newborn butterfly.

I felt quite funny at first, and apparently looked it, too. I had six grey legs on my breast, two black horns on my head with knobs on the end, a soft downy black body with a charming waist as elegant as a fashion-plate model's, and four stupid little wings, each not more than half-an-inch long, sticking out of my sides.

Quite soon my little wings started curling and swelling as I pumped air and moisture into them from glands in my shoulders. It was quite a severe muscular exertion, but at last it was finished, and lo!—they were now noble, glossy, black-and-white sails washed with the most glorious purple.

The rest of my life was unadulterated happiness. I strutted forth on to a broad green leaf, spread out my wings, fanned them, washed my knobbed horns with my front legs, wiped some scum from my eyes, and then with a joyous little leap into the air sailed away to the top of a neighbouring oak tree, there to hunt for a wife and drink honey and live in happiness to the end of my days.



With a joyous little leap into the air I sailed away to the top of a neighbouring oak tree.

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How He Married the Girl who Could not Punt.

By Margaret Strickland.

The rubber was finished at last! Xina Darrell rose from the Bridge-table and walked out into the conservatory, and a minute later Betty Vermilye, who had been her opponent, followed.

"I say, Xina, I'm so sorry," she began, "I'm afraid you've had a wretched game."

Miss Darrell turned half of a very charming face over her left shoulder. "My dear Betty, why on earth should *you* apologise? It was not your fault."

"No, but it was mother's——"

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted Xina. "To begin with, any man, worthy of the name, ought to be able to play Bridge. If he *can't*, then he has no right to inflict himself on people who *can!*"

"But, Xina, dear, he *did* protest; I heard him telling mother that he was no good, but you know what she is—never listens."

"I don't care! Any decent man would have been firm in his refusal, instead of letting a girl in."

"But he didn't know what a good player he had for his partner," put in Betty, looking with fond admiration at her spoilt, petted friend. "You see, dear, he only arrived today, and——"

"Well, in any case, it is most certainly *someone's* duty to tell Mr. Elsley that he *can't play Bridge!*"

And with a little toss of her head, Xina turned again towards the drawing-room, turned, to find herself suddenly face to face with the object of her indignation.

Bob Elsley was a pleasant-featured, well-groomed man, with a very quiet voice and a smile that won almost everyone he met. It had failed him this evening, however, when Lady Vermilye, despite all his protestations, had insisted on his cutting in with the rest for Bridge, and landed him as Xina Darrell's partner. For Xina, though only nineteen, was an exceptionally keen and brilliant player, one who thoroughly understood and enjoyed the game, and Bob Elsley was, as he had honestly admitted, "No good at it whatever."

And when he found himself sitting opposite a girl, possessed of the most fascinating little nose in the world, he was more at sea than ever with the cards.

For a moment there was a dead silence, while Xina's face flushed crimson, and Betty moved hurriedly off; then Bob cleared his throat.

"I couldn't help hearing."

She lifted her chin with a little jerk. "What a fool!" she thought angrily. Why on earth hadn't he gone straight back to the drawing-room, instead of putting her in this awkward position? But it was just the sort of tactless thing one would expect of a man who would go "no trumps" on a left hand without an ace in it!

"Well," she said icily, "it is useless for me to retract what I said."

"Why, of course it is," he answered promptly. "The only thing is for me to apologise to you for spoiling your game. I know I can't play Bridge, Miss Darrell, and I ought to be shot for—for——"

"It is of no consequence whatever," Xina put in with frigid politeness, "and I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings by my remarks." And with a stiff little inclination of her head she moved away.

"Hullo, Elsley, old chap!" exclaimed a man who had just appeared in the doorway. "You look rather as if your shoes were pinching!"

"No," replied Bob simply, with his eyes on Xina's retreating form, "I've only got what I deserved; but, by Jove! I know now

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where Dana Gibson got his girl's nose from."

"My dear chap, what on earth are you blithering about?"

Bob laughed somewhat ruefully. "Did you know I couldn't play Bridge, Major?"

"Why, rather! No one ever thought you could."

"Miss Darrell knows," said Bob grimly. "She had me for a partner to-night."

"Whew!" whistled Major Foord. "Was she pleased with you?"

Bob shook his head. "Not a bit!"

"Ah! Miss Xina is awful hot stuff at Bridge—at all games, for that matter—and it's a perfect marvel to me, because she's so pretty. As a rule, if girls are clever and good at sports and things, they're darned ugly!"

Bob regarded him thoughtfully for a minute. "One can't help admiring a girl who can play games."

"True," said the Major jovially. "Then since you've already got the disease, you may as well come along now and see her play billiards."

And, seizing Elsley by the arm, he marched him off.

* * *

One morning, about a week later, Sir John Vermilye, who was turning over the pages of the *Standard*, suddenly exclaimed: "Hullo, Xina, is this you?—'Miss Darrell, winner of the Ladies' Punting Championship!'"

For a moment there was a dead silence, while Xina's face flushed crimson, and Betty moved hurriedly off.

Xina laughed. "No, that's my cousin. She's a regular river girl. We've had fine times together at Cookham."

"And are you keen on punting too?" asked one of the guests.

"Oh, rather!" answered the girl, "I love it."

Bob Elsley looked at her with admiration. "That's one thing I do like to see—a good lady punter. A girl never looks more graceful than when punting."

Xina cast him a supercilious glance, but otherwise took no notice. In the face of the Bridge episode, she considered he was far too officious. Anyone else, having received such a severe snubbing, would never have dared to lift his eyes to her again. But despite his quiet, modest bearing, Bob Elsley was a man who could always hold his own, and the fact that he did not seem in the least "squashed" by her treatment of him, caused Xina much indignation.

"Talking of the river," said Sir John suddenly, "I wonder why on earth we're all sticking in foggy old London for this glorious weather?"

Lady Vermilye looked up quickly.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, looking

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from her husband to the rest of the company, "there is really no reason why we should remain on. If the idea is equally pleasing to you all, we will adjourn to Goring *en masse* immediately. What do you say?"

"Ripping! Lovely! Capital!" came from the assembled group, while Betty clapped her hands excitedly.

And so the matter was settled. Lady Vermilye wired to her housekeeper at "Rivermere" (their summer residence) to have everything in order, and two days later she quitted London and carried off her party to Goring.

The weather continued beautifully fine, but unfortunately river sport had to be postponed for a day or so, for, owing to their somewhat unlooked-for arrival, none of the boats were in readiness.

However, on Sunday evening, Sir John informed his guests that the "Rivermere craft" would be at their disposal on the morrow, and that by way of amusement he had planned an amateur regatta to take place on the following Saturday.

"Jack and Betty will give you all details of the programme," he concluded genially. "And I am going to provide a number of suitable prizes."

The idea seemed to afford general satisfaction, and soon everyone was busily asking questions.

"There are to be sculling and punting races," Betty announced, "and elopements, and things. And as we know you are all more or less river people, we've made the stipulation that all gentlemen under fifty and ladies under forty compete in our 'Rivermere Regatta.'"

There was a good deal of laughter over this, and several exclamations of mock dismay.

"When do you say this great event is coming off?" asked Xina suddenly. "Saturday?"

"Ah! here's someone who means business," laughed Sir John, with a twinkle in his eye. "Jack, I think we must make another stipulation—'Miss Darrell not to carry off *more* than six prizes.'"

Xina's pretty face flushed, and she smiled rather forcedly. "You need not be afraid. I'm so awfully out of practice, that I don't suppose I shall get a prize at all."

"I do believe," exclaimed the incorrigible Jack, with a wicked grin in Xina's direction, "that even the champion is looking a *trifle* anxious."

"Don't be so rude, Jack!" burst out Betty indignantly. "You'll look very small when Xina beats you in the mixed punting!"

Xina tried to protest that it was quite impossible, but everyone was too busy talking to notice. Only Bob Elsley, whose eyes seldom strayed long from the girl's face, noticed the look of annoyance which underlay her surface smile.

"Well," said Sir John pleasantly, "you'll find a card stuck up in the billiard-room tomorrow morning with the list of events, and I hope our little regatta will provide plenty of fun and enjoyment for everyone."

* * * * *

On Tuesday morning Xina awoke at 6.30 to find the sun streaming brightly through her window blinds. She had gone to sleep with one idea fixed in her mind—*i.e.*, it was absolutely necessary for her to get up early on the morrow. For Xina—pretty, foolish, spoilt Xina—now found herself in rather an awkward predicament.

Never dreaming that Lady Vermilye would suddenly transport her party from London to Goring, she had, in a weak moment, let it be understood that she was an expert at punting. As a matter of fact, she had only wielded a punt-pole on one occasion, and had been very wroth then at not being at once able to master the art. Now, with scarcely any warning, she was to be called upon to display her powers, and the prospect of being laughed at was as gall and wormwood to Xina. To think that that odious Bob Elsley would have the satisfaction of seeing her look small—oh! It was horrible.

She had felt rather uneasy ever since their arrival at "Rivermere" at the mention of punting; now, this regatta business hung like a millstone round her neck.

Monday had turned out too wet for any of the ladies to venture out on the river, so that there remained only four days before Saturday for practice—and that had to be done surreptitiously.

Consequently, she slipped out of bed as soon as she awoke and quickly dressed herself. Then very quietly she made her way downstairs and out of the house. Her spirits rose rapidly as she hastened through the shrubbery to the river and realised that she had two clear hours before anyone else would be about. One can learn a lot in that time, especially when there are no embarrassing onlookers.

It did not take her long to loose one of the punts from the boat-house, and, having paddled out into mid-stream, she took up

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her pole and started boldly off down the river.

It was scarcely a graceful performance, and Xina knew it. Her strokes were uncertain and jerky, and the very action of her hands in drawing up the pole betokened the amateur. Still, bar the facts that the punt had a tendency to run into the left bank at times, and that she was making herself very wet, she found no overwhelming difficulties besetting her path.

"Oh, I'm not so very bad after all!" she murmured hopefully. "I daresay by Saturday if I come out every morning like this, I shall be able to pass muster all right."

She had not yet realised that her speedy progress was chiefly due to the strong current, and that it would be a very different matter returning. And so she continued merrily on her way towards Pangbourne.

By the time she reached the lock, however, the sky had clouded over, and an anxious glance round told her that it would be prudent to turn back. So with desperate energy she started on her return course.

"Why, what on earth's the matter with the beastly thing?" she muttered angrily, as, despite all her efforts, the punt *would* swing round towards the bank. "I don't seem to be making any headway at all!"

A sharp wind had sprung up and now blew full at her, causing her wet cotton dress to cling uncomfortably to her limbs. Several times she ran into the bank and got her head caught up in the trees, and then her pole stuck in the mud, and she nearly pitched headlong into the river in her attempt to save it.

By this time she had fairly lost her temper, and was just uttering a great and awful vow of "Never again!" when to her horror she espied a skiff coming rapidly round the bend towards her.

"Oh, how abominable!" she ground out between her teeth, as she struggled with a paddle to bring her unwieldy craft round. "Here's some fool of a man!"

The next minute the stream caught the head of the punt and ran it violently backwards into the rushes.

"Excuse me, but I'm afraid you're in difficulties?" cried a polite, familiar voice. "Can I be of any assistance?"

And in dismay and disgust, Xina realised that the "fool of a man" was none other than Bob Elsley.

This was the last straw!

"Thank you, I can manage quite well," she replied, casting a haughty Gibsonian glance over her shoulder.

"Miss Darrell!—good heavens!" was his astonished exclamation. "And I didn't know you!"

And poor, mortified Xina pictured what her appearance must be, if even he did not recognise her.

"Well, I thought I was an early bird!" he continued pleasantly, "but it seems you've beaten me—here," as he rowed towards her, "let me rescue that pole for you."

And without waiting for her reply, he made a dive forward and drew it out of the water.

She took it from him, with a frigid word of thanks, and he hovered round while she pushed off.

"Pray do not let me keep you, Mr. Elsley," she said, with all the remnants of dignity that her dishevelled state could command. "It would be a pity to spoil your morning exercise."

And thus dismissed, Bob went reluctantly on his way to the lock.

"It's funny," he murmured, as he watched her slow, zigzagging course. "One would think she had never handled a punt-pole in her life before, yet—from all accounts—— Hullo! she's into the bank again!"

Just then a heavy drop of rain fell on his hand, and not seeing any good in going further and getting soaked, he straightway put about and started off in Xina's wake for Goring.

Meanwhile, Xina, in mingled rage and chagrin at being caught in this ignominious position, was wrestling frantically with the punt. If only she could get safely back to "Rivermere" before him, she thought, it would at least prove that she was capable of taking care of herself. But even in this her hopes were frustrated, for a backward glance showed her the skiff in appallingly close proximity.

"Oh, how I hate him!" she muttered furiously, as an awkward stroke sent the punt spinning round broadside across the river. "I shall be the laughing-stock of the place."

"Hullo!" cried Bob, as he only just saved himself from a collision. "I was nearly into you. By the way, Miss Darrell, don't you think we'd be wise to shelter under the trees for a bit, till this shower is over?"

"What's the use of sheltering," she retorted angrily, "when one is already wet through?"

"Oh, well, it was merely a suggestion," he answered humbly. "Anyway, I should turn those cushions; they're getting drenched."

But Xina was not in a mood to take advice from anyone, least of all Bob Elsley, and,

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without heeding the remark, she took up her pole, determined either to outstrip him or get left behind. But the Fates were against her to-day, and before she could do anything to save it, the punt was making straight for the bank again. The next minute a projecting bough of a tree struck her across the forehead, and in ducking to try and free herself she stumbled backward and sat down violently on the locker.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Bob, who had witnessed the performance. "I do hope you're not hurt!" And with a few dexterous strokes he brought his boat in alongside.

But Xina had reached the end of her tether. Her cup of humiliation was running over, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

For a moment, Bob stood aghast, uncertain how to act; then having made his boat fast to the stump of a tree, he stepped across into the punt

"I say," he began nervously, "I'm so sorry; please don't cry." But Xina only sobbed more convulsively.

"I'm afraid you've had a beastly rough time of it this morning," he went on, "with this weather and—and—of course, everyone knows that when there's a wind—like to-day—and the current so strong, this is one of the most difficult reaches of the Upper Thames."

She took no notice, so he laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and continued lying glibly.

"Even the best punters come to grief here sometimes, and—of course——"

"What's the good of saying all this?" she flared out suddenly, raising her tear-stained face for a moment. "You know perfectly well it is not true. You know that I can't punt at *all*, and that I've made the most hopeless, *disgraceful* fool of myself."

"No, no," he said kindly. "You must not call yourself names. I think it was very plucky of you to venture out alone——"

"Considering my utter incapacity—yes," she put in bitterly. "Oh, where's the use of pretending? Why don't you speak your mind? Why don't you tell me right out that I'm a vain, idle boaster? I'm sure you'd be quite justified in doing so, after my treatment of you."

He stared at her dumbly, quite taken aback by the unexpected outburst, and she dropped her eyes in shame before him, and began to wring the water out of her skirt.

"Anyway, you'll be amply avenged," she went on brokenly, "because, unless I catch such a cold through this that I'm too ill to appear, you—you'll have the satisfaction of seeing me ridiculed on Saturday in this wretched regatta!"

"But why should it give me satisfaction?" he demanded blankly.

"Why? Don't I deserve to be shown up?" she cried stormily. "I condemned *you*, because you couldn't play Bridge, though you never pretended you could——"

"Well?"

"Well—I *didn't* admit I couldn't punt—and so—and so I found myself cornered, and my only means of getting out of it was to practise on the sly. That's why I got up this morning, but," with a fresh burst of tears, "it's no use—and they'll all know, and Jack will never cease making fun of me."

"I see," he murmured sympathetically. "It's a bit awkward." Then after a few minutes' silence, he quietly seated himself on the locker beside her. "Look here, there's a way out of it, if you like to take it."

With a jerk she raised her head. "What do you mean?"

"Well—if you had lessons every day, for two or three hours, you'd be all right by Saturday."

"But everyone would know, and laugh at me all the same," she protested with a forlorn shake of the head.

"No—not if you let me teach you," Bob put in eagerly, "and if we came out every morning before breakfast the whole thing could be kept dark, and—and I'd guarantee that by Saturday you'll be as good a punter as anyone."

With wide blue eyes she stared at him.

"It's the *only* way," said Bob, with conviction, watching her changing face anxiously.

"You—you really *mean* it?" she stammered at last, "in spite of everything!"

"In spite of everything!" he cried, with his most winning smile. "Shall we shake hands on it?"

Then, for the first time, their hands met in a friendly grasp.

"And now," said Bob cheerfully, after they had finally sealed the compact, "I think we had better be getting back to 'Rivermere,' and since we have this double sculler, the quickest way would be for us both to row in the same boat and tow the punt behind."

"Yes," assented Xina meekly, "I really *can* row—a bit."

Both put their best work into it, and in eight minutes they had reached "Rivermere."

"Hullo! there's nine o'clock striking,"

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exclaimed Bob, as he steered into the boat-house. "Lucky our friends are not very early risers, because we shall now have plenty of time to slip in and make ourselves presentable before breakfast."

She murmured some reply, and in silence they walked up the broad steps on to the lawn.

"Better go up through the shrubbery," he suggested, trying to get a view of her averted face, "then we shan't be seen from the windows."

But still she did not speak, and it was not until they were close up to the house that she suddenly burst forth: "What a *horrible* person you must really think me!"

He almost gasped with surprise for a moment.

"Oh, you think that, do you?" he said at last, looking deep into her eyes. "Well, some day, perhaps, I may have the courage to tell you my real opinion of you!"

And with this he left her to make her way upstairs to her own room.

* *

"Oh, that's fine! That's capital! You've done this reach in seven minutes!" And Bob Elsley sat up on the cushions watching with enthusiastic admiration, while Xina punted him up to Cleeve.

"You're sure I don't look awkward?" she asked anxiously. "*You* do it so easily—as if it were no effort at all!"

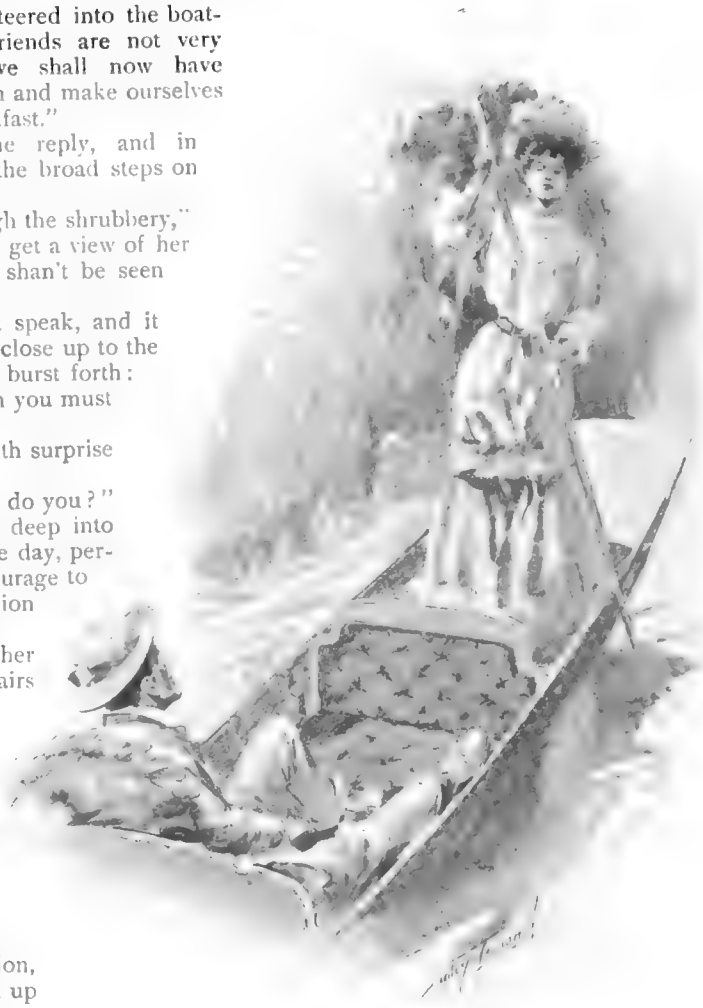
"And so do you," put in Bob. "Ah! I knew I'd soon make a good punter of you."

"I don't fancy Master Jack will have much of a laugh at your expense," went on Bob, "but I think Sir John was wise in limiting you to half-a-dozen prizes."

"I shall be quite satisfied if I get one," smiled Xina, "and that I really ought to share with you after all your trouble."

"I wish I could share *everything* with you," he said eagerly as he leant over the back of the seat towards her. "Come and sit down here for a while—I want to talk to you."

And Xina obediently shipped the pole and stepped over on to the cushions beside him.



Bob Elsley sat up on the cushions watching with enthusiastic admiration, while Xina punted him up to Cleeve.

"I want to teach you to love me, Xina," he whispered, as he drew her hands gently between his own. "Do you think you could ever learn, dear?"

* * * * *

Everyone agreed that the "Rivermere" regatta was one of the Vermilyes' most successful entertainments, and more than one person had the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so!" when Xina Darrell came off champion. But there is no doubt that the good people were vastly surprised when, that evening, her engagement to Bob Elsley was announced.

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A Girl's Thrilling Experience with a Dancing Baboon.

By Daisy Mace Edginton.

When Walter Macguire, proprietor of Macguire's Wild Beast Show and World-Renowned Collection of Performing Animals, had been at Sleepicombe a week, he slapped his pockets joyfully, and blessed his lucky star that had led him there.

Yet, to the casual observer, Sleepicombe, a little place of some thousand inhabitants, would seem the least likely to be remunerative to the proprietor of a troupe of performing animals. Truly, there were the inhabitants of the Manor House, which had been bought a year ago by a soap-boiling millionaire, and there was the unassuming Dower House, where gloomily dwelt the impecunious former squire, to say nothing of the residences of the vicar, of a couple of doctors, and a lawyer or two, but none of these people would seem, at first sight, to be likely patrons of a travelling wild-beast show. Yet it was with cause that Macguire congratulated himself so smugly.

For you must know that there were many young people in Sleepicombe, and they all went to see Jumbo, the elephant, conduct the band, to see Mr. Stripes ride his tricycle round his cage, to see—crowning attraction of all—Marcus Aurelius, the baboon, dance the *Valse Bleue* with his keeper. In fact, during that sweet June month, Walter Macguire's performing troupe became the rage of the busily idle young men and maidens. Jumbo, the elephant, had never made his bow to so distinguished an audience; Marcus Aurelius, the baboon, had never waltzed so continually to the plaudits of the young and gay as he did during that golden summer month. All the boys and girls went to see the famous waltz; and among them went Jim Winstanley and Mollie Sinclair.

Lieutenant Jim was the ex-squire's son, and Mollie was the soap-boiling monarch's daughter, and though the ex-squire and the millionaire hated each other with remarkable intensity, yet Jim and Mollie, with the usual perversity of youth, had elected to like each other a great deal better than anyone else in the world.

Now, Jim's blue-blooded father, on hearing this news, arose and cursed loud and long the pretensions of the soap-boiler's daughter,

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and refused to see that Mollie was as sweet and pretty and gracious as any member of his own ancient line, while Sinclair *père*, who liked Jim well enough, if the truth be told, arose, too, in his wrath at this insult, and said many unrepeatable things. And so when Jim made a formal demand for the hand of Mollie, Mollie's father, in whose ears the bitter sound of Squire Winstanley's sarcasm still lingered, took his revenge in his own way.

"Are you sure, young man," he had inquired sarcastically, "that my daughter's your equal? Do you think she won't disgrace you when you've dragged her, so to speak, out of the mire?"

And then Jim had flushed hotly.

"I beg your pardon for anything my father may have said, sir," he had said; "but I think you'll allow I'm not to blame. I love your daughter——"

"——'s money," the millionaire had snarled, and at that Jim Winstanley, who possessed no more patience than the average young man, had flung from the house in a white-hot rage.

Since then matters had been at a standstill. The young people met clandestinely, and at each meeting fell more deeply into Dan Cupid's toils, while their elders, not to be outdone, increased their mutual hatred in a proportionate degree.

This is how matters stood when Mollie slipped out quietly one evening after dinner, and found Jim waiting in the lane behind the house, and thence they journeyed, laughing and stealthy, to see Marcus Aurelius waltz with his keeper to the lilting strains of the old *Valse Bleue*.

It was an oddly incongruous scene—the cages that lined two sides of the big tent containing for the most part contented and placid-looking captives—the big platform in front on which each cage was wheeled when the "turn" of its denizen came on—the gaudy colouring and flaring lights; and then, in contrast to the tawdry splendour, the truant youth of Sleepicombe's *élite*, who occupied the central seats. Behind, the village youths and maidens congregated. There were many of Mollie's own servants among them, but she knew that no whisper would reach her father's ears from them.

Jumbo, the elephant, bowed and conducted, the "great untamable" tiger cycled round his cage, the hyena went angrily through his tricks, and Jim Winstanley, stifling bored yawns, was heartily regretting that he had not persuaded Mollie to come instead for a stolen walk under the calm June moon, when Marcus Aurelius, the "Waltzing Wonder," was led on the stage, and Jim's flagging interest was temporarily re-aroused.

The baboon was one of the largest of his kind, standing, when erect, fully six feet in height. His long, coarse hair was carefully brushed; his moody eyes were quiet with the submission of the captive, their native savagery subdued by long years of subservience to the will of men. He was led on to the stage by his keeper, a powerful-looking man, who, impersonating a feminine partner for the "Waltzing Wonder," was arrayed in a much-befrilled blue skirt.

Marcus Aurelius was left at one end of the stage, while his keeper, retiring to the other, seated himself in the supposed attitude of a coy "wall flower," and rapped sharply three times on the floor with his stick. This was the signal for Marcus Aurelius to approach, make an impressive bow, and then, as the band struck up the air of the *Valse Bleue*, to swing his partner off to the lilting music.

This performance was invariably the signal for an outburst of applause, and the baboon seemed to look for it and be gratified by it. To-night was no exception. His enthusiastic audience called for an encore. Again the keeper took his seat and sounded the well-known signal; again the baboon advanced and bowed.

"Take your pretty partner," murmured Jim.

"He's very wonderful, isn't he, Jim?" whispered Mollie; "but I'm afraid we'll really have to go, for daddy will be missing me."

Jim got up with alacrity, and they left the tent to the strains of the haunting waltz. Jim, humming a bar or two involuntarily, grew suddenly sentimental with the memory of the occasion when he and Mollie had last danced it together; extracted a promise of that one particular waltz, among many others, at a forthcoming dance next week; finally, bidding his lady good-night in the dusk of the Manor grounds, he looked down on her with eyes which were, for the moment, unwontedly serious.

"Mollie," he said, "when can we end all this, I wonder?"

Mollie teased. "As soon as you like, Mr. Winstanley," said she, "and after such a *very* broad hint, good-night." She laughed, and tried to draw her hands away, but Jim only held them more tightly.

"Molly, dear," he said quietly, "it means an awful lot to me. . . ." He paused

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and laughed rather bitterly. "I suppose your father would say it means thirty thousand."

"Jim, don't!" cried Mollie. She tried to draw her hands away in good earnest this time, but Jim would not let them go. "*Jim, don't,*" she said again. In the darkness there were tears in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, little girl," said Jim. He caught her in his arms suddenly. "Dearest, forgive me, but it's so—so *hateful* . . . ." He paused again. "If only I had something to offer . . . ." he said below his breath.

"You have," said Mollie, in his ear, "and that's yourself—the thing most worth having in all the world . . . . but now, Jim, I must really and truly go, for we mustn't let daddy suspect, you know."

But if Mollie and Jim, in their fool's paradise, had but known, their clandestine meetings were more than suspected by both Squire Winstanley and the millionaire. In fact, Winstanley *père* went so far as to visit Macguire's famous Wild Beast Show in the hope of discovering the guilty pair. As luck would have it, however, Mollie and Jim were away on the river, and the squire gained nothing from his visit but a fright, occasioned by the turbulent behaviour of Marcus Aurelius, who strongly objected to being prodded with the magnate's stick through the bars of his cage. This little encounter did not improve the temper of Jim's sire, and he was fairly bubbling over with rage when his alert and smiling son met him at the dinner-table that evening.

"You've been with that soap-boiler's daughter all day," he rapped out, and the smile left Jim's face like a flash, but he did not answer.

"That infernal soap-boiler's daughter," said Squire Winstanley, determined to provoke.

"Well?" said Jim, and looked at him quietly through narrowed eyes.

"You're a fool!" snapped the squire.

The entrance of a servant preventing the discussion of this debatable statement, the dinner finished in silence, and relations between father and son remained somewhat strained for the next few days. It was a week later when the crisis came.

The coming of age of the vicar's eldest daughter was to be the occasion of a dance, and Mollie and Jim were of course to be present. Moreover, Peggy Browne had conceived the brilliant idea of inviting, without the knowledge of either party, their respective parents. So it came to be that Jim Winstanley, pouring remarkably earnest congratulations in the ear of the eldest Miss Browne, ceased for a moment as he suddenly caught sight of the stiff figure of the millionaire escorting the radiant Mollie into the room; while Mollie, encountering the stony gaze of Winstanley *père*, gave, I regret to say, a little giggle of delight as she grasped the situation.

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo," she said to Jim presently, holding out a full programme for his inspection, "shall we be good, and do as the heads of our rival houses would have us do? Shall we abandon all thought of the *Valse Bleue?*"

"No, you dearest darling!" said Jim, under his breath.

"Hush, hush!" warned Mollie, as the band struck up the opening dance, and her partner came to claim her. Squire Winstanley, going by with Mrs. Browne on his arm, intercepted the offenders' parting smiles, and snarled, but Mollie and Jim went their respective ways unscathed and serene.

"Number ten—the *Valse Bleue*," announced Mollie.

"Mayn't I have it, Mollie?" said Tommy Browne earnestly. He was a nondescript youth, but, for some inexplicable reason, one of Mollie's pet admirers.

"Too late," she told him, "it's engaged—with Jim."

"Your *fiancé?*" asked Tommy Browne.

"Ye—es," said Mollie defiantly.

"I," asserted Tommy, "don't call it an engagement unless it's properly announced—*Morning Post*—congratulations—and all that."

"You're hateful," said Mollie.

There was a pause.

Suddenly from the hall outside came a strange shuffling noise, followed by a woman's scream. Tommy Browne, starting towards the door, stood arrested on the threshold.

"By Jove!" he cried.

A shriek from Mrs. Browne answered his exclamation. Mollie, following the direction of her gaze, could have echoed the shriek.

For there, standing erect in the doorway, his gloomy eyes dark with menace, was Marcus Aurelius, the baboon!

Mrs. Browne shrieked again, but the brute did not heed. He had sighted a remembered enemy. Straight past the frightened woman he went with his gloomy eyes fixed upon Squire Winstanley. The latter, retreating, took refuge behind a couch. The room resounded suddenly with the shouts of the men.

"Fetch me a gun quickly, quickly!" cried

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The next moment, Marcus Aurelius, the baboon, had swung Mollie deftly away.

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the host to the frightened servants at the doorway. The baboon, chattering savagely, was stretching his long brown arm over the couch.

"Oh, Heavens, he'll be killed!" cried Tommy Browne. He started forward, but Mollie was quicker than he. In emergencies, brains are mercifully quick to move, and Mollie's had leapt to a swift conclusion. One glance round the room she cast, but Jim Winstanley, blissfully unconscious, was far away in the garden; and then, brushing aside Tommy's detaining hand, unheeding the horrified protests of the men, straight across the room she went to where Squire Winstanley—Jim's father—was vainly trying to evade his terrible pursuer.

"Play the *Valse Bleue*," she shrieked to the petrified band.

Then, deliberately placing herself in the way of the baboon, she paused, and, stooping, rapped sharply three times on the floor with her fan.

"The *Valse Bleue*, for Heaven's sake!" she cried again.

The baboon had snarled savagely at the intruder, who, barring his way, kept his prey from him. For a moment his surprise seemed to overcome his fury—for a moment only; then the short, sharp bark that heralded his consuming rage arose only to die away suddenly before the sound of that familiar signal. The fluttering blue skirts were another familiar sight. Marcus Aurelius, the baboon, called suddenly by long habit to attention, advanced and bowed.

It was then that Mrs. Browne, in her corner, fainted. It was then that stray couples, coming in from the gardens, stood thunderstruck, watching, afraid to move. And the *Valse Bleue* came haltingly from the terrified band.

The next moment, Marcus Aurelius, the baboon, had swung Mollie deftly away.

Round the room went the strange couple, the baboon, quiet now, keeping wonderfully correct time, while Mollie, in the clasp of that terrible brown arm, seemed to be in the midst of some grotesque dream. She knew that they would have sent for the keeper, and that if she could keep the baboon occupied till his arrival, all might yet be well. Yet she knew that every moment was fraught with danger. Once her foot came into contact with the great hairy one, and the baboon snarled savagely, and once, when the band slackened time, she felt the pressure of the great arm increase. And the men stood impotent, cursing the keeper who was so long in coming. The servants had brought guns, but who dare shoot with that golden head so near to the savage brown one?

Five minutes later Jim Winstanley, smoking a quiet cigarette in the garden, was overtaken by a group of hurrying figures speeding towards the house. A few quick words, gasped out as they sped onwards, explained the situation. Marcus Aurelius' keeper, pouring forth breathless apologies, was unheeded by Jim. His thoughts had flown, incredulous, to Mollie—his Mollie in the clasp of that half-human beast—his Mollie, who might even now——

Mollie and the baboon were sweeping past the doorway as they entered. Mollie, looking back, caught Jim's agonised gaze, and smiled with white lips and closing eyes. A breath of unutterable relief went sighing round the room as the keeper, signalling to the band to stop, called in the loud voice of command to the baboon.

The effect was instantaneous. The brute stopped dead, and over its erstwhile savage face the sullen submission of captivity crept. Its great arms, falling to its sides in the attitude of attention, released Mollie. She stood a moment, trying to keep her feet; then, abandoning the futile effort, went quietly into Jim Winstanley's arms in a dead faint.

The keeper fastened the chains of his captivity upon the baboon, and led him, sullenly submissive, out into the night.

It was some few minutes later when Mollie, opening her eyes upon a sea of anxious faces, protested that she was perfectly all right, laughingly waved away her worshippers, and begged Mrs. Browne to resume the interrupted programme. This, after some delay, the lady consented to do, but Mollie refused, with simulated contempt, her many would-be partners. "After my late partner," said she, "it would be *too* uninteresting to dance with one of you. I'm going to sit it out"—she paused and looked at Squire Winstanley—"with Jim," she finished deliberately.

Squire Winstanley bent before them all, and kissed her hand.

* * * * *

"Well, I hope your sense of propriety is satisfied now," said Mollie to Tommy Browne a few days later; "have you seen the *Morning Post*?"

Tommy Browne took her hand.

"Due to your little waltz dream?" he asked.

"To my waltz—nightmare," said Mollie.

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The Child And Its Pet

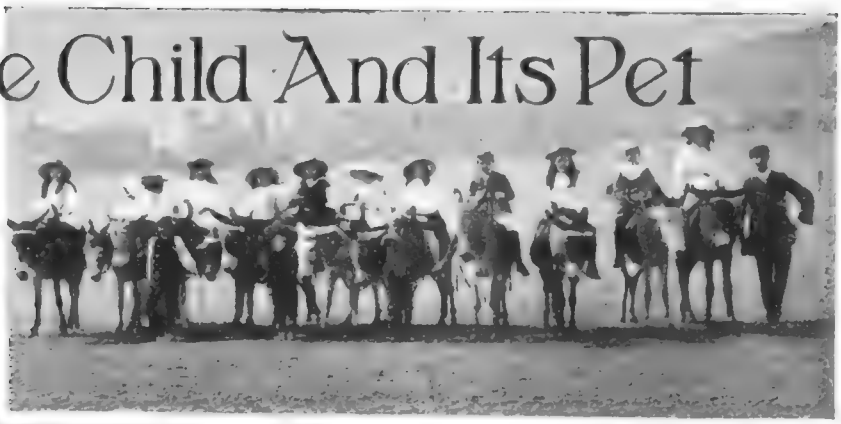

Photo Mrs. E. C. Copeman, Wincanton.

Off for a ride on the sands.

Photo Rev. Walter Blow, Preston.

"Keep quite still, pussy."

Showing the Wisdom of Bringing up Children in the Companionship of Animal Pets.

By
Marcus Woodward.

I know a little boy who was discovered by his parents at four o'clock one summer morning sitting in his nightgown on the stone floor of the kitchen watching, in intent delight, the movements of a swarm of ants which were exploring his legs, and running about all over his little person. That boy will be a great naturalist some day—and his parents knew better than to scold him when they tucked him away in bed. The ants' nest with which the boy had been presented by his father was the greatest joy of his life; but the house is always alive with his other pets—mice, frogs, snakes, and birds—so that maiden aunts never feel quite at home when they come to call, and oftentimes arise from their chairs with blood-curdling shrieks.

Photo Mrs. Howey, Sidbury.

The tug of war.

Unpleasant though the consequences may be when children are allowed the free companionship of animal pets—unpleasant to visitors, and sometimes to the pets—yet the children gain enormously. They learn to be kind to animals, to show love and pity to all dumb creatures, to be long-suffering, patient, and merciful. There is good discipline in the regular cleaning and feeding of the pets, and above all is the gain in knowledge. Boys naturally throw stones at birds, or steal their eggs; baby girls naturally hug their pet kittens to the point of extinction, or endeavour to carry them about by their fur. These instincts require to be educated away, and it is not difficult to substitute a reasoning love of animals for a blind fear or a wanton

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callousness. The child will gain thereby immeasurably.

Happy the children who are brought up with cats and dogs; they will love these beautiful creatures all their lives, and are unlikely ever to know what it means to fear them. Still more happy the children who have donkeys or ponies for pets. They learn to ride for one thing, and this in after-life may stand them in good stead. And what adventures they have with their friendly beasts of burden as they ride and drive about all over the country!

Goats make delightful pets, and are equally ready to pull the children about in light carts, and to lead them a fine dance in the lanes or fields at the end of a chain. Little girls and little lambs go very naturally together; but the trouble of this combination is that Mary's lamb insists on growing up before Mary, and sooner or later comes the fatal day when the butcher takes the one time lamb away.

Photo *Mrs. E. M. Goddard, Farnham.*

A Writing Lesson.

This charming study won the first prize of five guineas offered recently in the ROYAL MAGAZINE for the best portrait of a child and an animal. The expression on the kitten's face implies deep interest in the correspondence. That the photographer seized the exact moment to catch this expression does her great credit.

Much is to be said in favour of giving children cocks and hens for pets—especially if the parents are fond of fresh eggs for breakfast. The children, moreover, may hit upon a solution to that vexed question in natural history: Why does a hen cackle after laying an egg? In confinement, the cackling instinct is clearly a disadvantage, since it gives a clear indication to egg-eating dogs or pigs that some food has been prepared for them. The theory that in their wild state in the jungle hens found it an advantage to cackle after egg-laying, in order to discover by their calls and the answering calls where the flock had wandered away whilst they were engaged in their maternal duties, is possibly the true one. Children rejoice when such a theory as this is expounded to them, and begin to take note themselves of the wild traits in their tame pets, such as the primeval instinct of the dog to turn himself about when he lies down, originally a device for laying low the tall jungle grass that was his lair.

When children are fortunate enough to be brought up near a farmyard, and have the chance to make friends with cows, they may learn a great deal about the ways of cattle. All children are taught that bulls are enraged by red rags; but the reason why does not perhaps occur to them. There is a theory that a red colour excites cattle because they associate it with blood, which is well known to arouse fury or terror. It is more probable that the reason why a child in a red cloak is

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Doggie has his portrait taken.

likely to engage the interest of a cow or a bull is that the bright colour forces her to fix special attention on the child, and perhaps produces the illusion that the child is nearer than is the case, with some vague idea of aggression or challenge. So the cow, her eye caught and held by the fluttering red coat, promptly takes up the supposed challenge, and chases the child from the field.

Geese and turkeys, which have less fear of children than of grown-up people, will sometimes fly at a child dressed in red; while sheep and horses are startled, terrified, or angered by the fluttering of red flags.

The pets of children, especially dogs, are liable to lead adventurous lives. Perhaps the most ludicrous thing that ever happened to a pet dog befel a tiny Brussels Griffon some years ago at a fashionable watering-place on the Continent. Some children were playing with those French toy balloons which are filled with gas instead of air; and by way of a little amusement, one or two of them were made fast to the little dog's body. Instantly he was lifted off his hind legs by the pull of the balloons, and away he went, tearing down the street on his forefeet, squealing in the most lamentable way, and cutting the most ridiculous figure, while half the people in the town pursued him in wonder and amazement. A gust of wind caught him up and lifted him cleanly into the air; and the end of the story was that the poor dog literally flew into the open window of an hotel, and landed on the plump head waiter's shirt-front.

When children keep both cats and dogs, jealousy among their pets is likely to arise, sometimes with tragic results. I remember a case which ended in the mysterious disappearance of a kitten which had aroused the jealousy of two fox-terriers. Some time afterwards a gardener, who was digging a flower-bed, noticed that the dogs were sitting in a very suspiciously quiet way at the end of it, watching his movement with anxious eyes. Nearer and nearer he worked his way towards the dogs, but still they sat immovable, as though glued to the ground. At last the

Photos *Mr. Edward H. R. Hillsworth, S. Woodford.*

The tables turned. Doggie takes his young mistress' portrait.

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Photo *Mr. Wallace, Sidmouth.*

A horsewoman careful of her complexion.

gardener threw his spade at them; and as they bounded away, he saw that they had been sitting on the half-buried body of the poor kitten, which they had done to death, failing, however, to put her safely away in a grave.

Mothers often think that children carry their love of natural history too far, as witness this charming story told by the well-known actress, Miss Cynthia Brooke, of her little daughter:

"She is devoted to animals," relates Miss Cynthia Brooke—"any and all, it does not matter. Even insects are included in this generous affection: and this reminds me of a little episode which caused me some embarrassment at the time, for I cannot say I like creeping things.

"One morning, Cynthia found in the garden, on her own particular rose-bush, one of those crawly-looking woolly caterpillars. I dare-say it has some very long and scientific name, but I'm afraid I don't know it, and the young discoverer pronounced it to be a *Persian* caterpillar, because of the long hair—a blend of caterpillar and cat, I suppose. That night Cynthia was sleeping with me for a treat, and when I got into bed she said sleepily: 'Mummie, you didn't know there was three of us in bed, did you?' 'No,' said I. 'Who is the third?' 'Well, there's you and I and the caterpillar!'

"But," adds Miss Brooke, "there were only two after all, for by the time the word 'caterpillar' was out I was out also, leaving the bed to the first arrivals."

Another story of the child and the animal concerns a small boy of Hertfordshire, who had a pet goat, which one day broke away from him in a narrow lane. The goat was galloping furiously out of the lane just as an old gentleman turned into it; who promptly stood on one side to give the goat a free passage. This aroused the wrath of the small boy, who cried out: "Hi, there, you old duffer! Stand in the way, and catch my goat; what are you afraid of?" The old gentleman did as he was told, stood in the way, caught the goat, and held him until the boy came up; and was very much amused to see the expression on the boy's

Photo, Mr. A. J. Hollingham, Old Charlton.

Taking care of baby.

Photo, Mr. H. W. W. Copeman, Wincanton.

Feeding the pet donkey.

Photo *Miss E. M. Goddard, Farnham.*

Pussy develops artistic tastes.

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Photo *Mr. J. P. Millar, Ayrshire.*
"You just look at the camera and keep still."

Photo *Mr. Wallace, Sidmouth.*
A tit-bit for Billy.

Photo *Mr. Albert Lyles, Dewsbury.*
"I love my doggie."

Photo *Mr. R. V. Copeman, Wincanton.*
Mary and her little sheep.

Photo *Mademoiselle A. de Courson, Olivet, France.*
A little rider and a big mount.

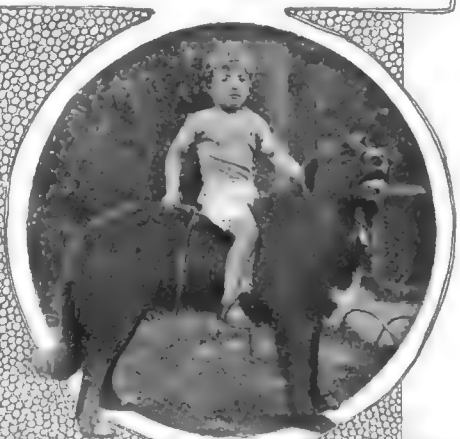

Photo *Corporal A. E. Ward, Chatham.*
A bigger rider and a smaller mount.

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face when the boy recognised the "old duffer" to be the then Prime Minister of England — Lord Salisbury!

An aviary is a source of endless delight to children; a roomy cage in which are several sorts of tits, with a nuthatch and a woodpecker, will prove a constant interest, and if the cares of looking after the birds fall on a boy's shoulders, so much the better for the boy. Much is to be said against the practice of caging birds; but it is very

Photo, Marie Burnie, Glasgow.
On the alert.

Photo *Mrs. Southall, Liscard.*
A merry party on the croquet lawn.

surprising how birds reared from the nest in cages enjoy life, and how fond they become of their keepers. Some birds, like redpolls, seem particularly at home in captivity; bullfinches make charming pets; jackdaws will learn to talk, jays to mimic, while the raven will prove the drollest companion. Whether it is right or wrong to keep a bird in a cage depends upon the keeper.

The boy who loves and understands birds, and will give them unremitting attention, can make the cage-bird's life a happy one, and will be rewarded for his pains by the bird's affection.

I know of a case where a boy took a pair of stock-doves from a nest when they were no more than three days old, and kept one for fourteen, and the other for fifteen years. If he whistled to his birds, they would come to him, settling upon his shoulder, even when flying about with other pigeons in the garden, or when feeding and enjoying themselves in the pea-fields.

But unless a boy is prepared freely to lavish love on his pets, it is cruelty to the pets to allow him to keep them. A child brought up with animal friends, however, is hardly likely to be anything but devoted. Many people who ought to know better hold the most absurd ideas about animals and insects. The housewife, aggrieved by the presence of spiders in her parlour, refers to them as "pestilential insects," little realising that the spider is a member of the crab and lobster family; while, as to earwigs, nothing is too bad to be said against them. A little study of natural history soon makes a child superior to the common fallacies that still are rampant.

Photo *Mrs. S. Bletcher, Manchester.*
Beg!

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Miss Anne Whitley.

SURVIVORS' TALES of GREAT EVENTS

No. XLV.—THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MISS ANNE WHITLEY.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

The city of San Francisco, the chief seaport on the Pacific Coast of America, was destroyed by an earthquake, and a fire which followed, early on the morning of April 18th, 1906. About a thousand lives were lost, as well as property to the value of nearly sixty millions sterling. Before the earthquake San Francisco consisted of two parts, separated by Market Street. Already, owing to the amazing energy and resource of the inhabitants, an infinitely finer city has come into existence. The stirring story of the "quake" itself is told by Miss Anne Whitley. Miss Whitley, like so many of her countrywomen, is a great traveller.

IF you look at a map of San Francisco you will find that the city is built at the end of a peninsula which runs into the sea like a tail of land. That tail is on a sensitive part of Mother Earth's crust, and sometimes she gives it a terrific wag, or shake, or quake—call it what you like the result is the same, and is very bad.

The worst of all the shakes that have been given either within living memory or according to history was on April 18th, 1906.

I had been to the opera to hear Caruso, and that made a good beginning for a glorious night which was to end in an appalling tragedy.

In San Francisco people understand the art of enjoying life. The city is in many ways like Paris. After the opera there was supper to be considered, and that took matters on till midnight. Then my merry friends and I kept up our modest revelries till about three o'clock in the morning.

Even amusement is a merciless task-mistress, and I was glad to go to bed. That was on the top storey—the seventh—of the Palace Hotel. The nearer the sky the dearer the accommodation in the city by the Golden Gate—a simple fact which, when a quake comes, brings the instinctive craving for the simpler, cheaper quarters which are nearer solid earth.

I had just got comfortably to sleep. I rest lightly, and very trifling sounds will wake me; very visionary things will scare me. I have suffered tortures from invisible and non-existent burglars. I will be really brave for once and confess that I am a coward—and a bad one at that.

You can fancy you see ghosts and robbers, but there is no illusion about a quake. It comes, and you know that it is nothing else in the world but its real, uncanny, cruel, and destructive self.

I was shocked out of my sleep. For a moment I did not know what had happened; then I realised what it was.

A friend of mine who was sleeping in the same room understood things also.

"It's an earthquake! It's an earthquake!" she shrieked.

That confirms what I have just said about the individuality of these dreadful outbursts of Nature, for this was my friend's first visit to the West, and she did not know what a quake really meant. Instinct told her instantly.

I jumped up right away, terrified, expectant. I had, of course, known quakes before; but they had been little affairs that did not really matter, and stored somewhere in my mind were all the rules and regulations governing one's conduct when a real hard shock occurred.

I was not too utterly unnerved by fear to be unable to recall the plan of action for a

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crisis such as this. Wise and experienced persons, old campaigners, always said that the proper thing to do was to stand in the doorway, or under a window—in any likely place that would give shelter from such things as falling chandeliers and plaster. Even plaster, which looks an inoffensive composition, can hit very hard.

I remembered the wisdom of the sages, and I screamed: "Get in the doorway, and hold on to it!"

No other form of utterance but the scream or shriek was serviceable at such a time, when there were so many awful sounds to shout down.

The quake seemed to last an hour—though I am sure that its duration was not a minute—and I kept shrieking: "Get in the doorway and hold on to it!" By this I meant that my friend should seize the top of the woodwork, and grip it to steady herself and to be protected from falling *débris*.

I do not know whether it was terror, or the voice of authority, or the instinct of self-preservation that possessed and guided my friend, but she began to make for the doorway—and she did it on her hands and knees. It seems laughable and ludicrous now, but it was no time for humour then.

The very earth was shaking, the towering hotel was wobbling and staggering, the walls were tottering and yawning, the plaster was crashing to the floor, the window-glass was snapping, and the furniture was either overturning or removing itself without the help of a van. It was massive furniture, yet it was positively waltzing across the floor.

In the midst of this affrighting turmoil my friend pulled herself together sufficiently to reach the foot of the bed and hold on to it; and all the time, above the dreadful din, she cried: "I'm killed! I'm killed!"

"*Will* you get in the doorway?" I screamed.

"How can I, when I'm dead?" she answered.

Yes—I can laugh at it now; but there was no time for laughter then.

The heavy furniture, or most of it, capsized. Something seemed to fly at me. I do not know what it was. I did not see it; but the feeling and a big blue bruise were there later to show that I was not the victim of illusion. That happened when I was making my way to the window, to look out, and I imagine that the thing which struck me was a piece of plaster or a falling brick.

I reached the window, and looked out as well as I could, and that was very much like peering into a driving gale when at sea. The sound I heard was literally like the noise of a roaring wind; but there was no wind. The atmosphere itself was perfectly calm and still. I think the noise was caused by the rush of the falling *débris*.

I could not endure the horror of it, and I dashed back to the doorway, pursued by a piece of furniture. I do not know what the article was, and I have no wish to identify its character now, any more than I had a longing for its acquaintance then. I do not think the piece of furniture ever got up to me. I really don't know what happened to it; but I suppose it fell over, like the rest of the things.

My friend had recovered a little—not much, but enough at any rate to prove to her that she was really living, and sufficiently to enable her to announce, with the calmness of despair, that she was going downstairs.

Downstairs! And there were seven long flights of staggering steps. Just then it seemed as mad an act as it would be to lead a forlorn hope across a bullet-swept fire zone.

My mind was still set on the security of the doorway, and while my friend made her way out of the room I stayed behind and held on to the top part of the entrance. I do not know what possessed my friend to lay hands on a kimono and a slipper, but perhaps at that time these insignificant articles seemed to her to be amongst the most precious of the world's possessions. I held on to the doorway, I say, not because I was brave, but because I was a coward, and thought the doorway was the safest place. I had not the courage to face the wobbling stairs.

Just as after a fierce raging of winds there often comes a calm, so the quake was followed by a perfect stillness. The awful rushing sounds died away, the dreadful, sickening sense of insecurity was soothed. It became possible to keep one's feet and place without an effort. Then conventionality, which is so merciful and beneficial to us in many ways, came to the rescue.

Human nature is human nature, and custom made it desirable, if not essential, to assume a garb that was more in keeping with outdoor life than the clothing which most people were wearing when the quake came.

I did what I consider to be a somewhat marvellous thing—I pulled my wits together to the extent of resolving that I would dress myself.

That, however, was not my first instinct.

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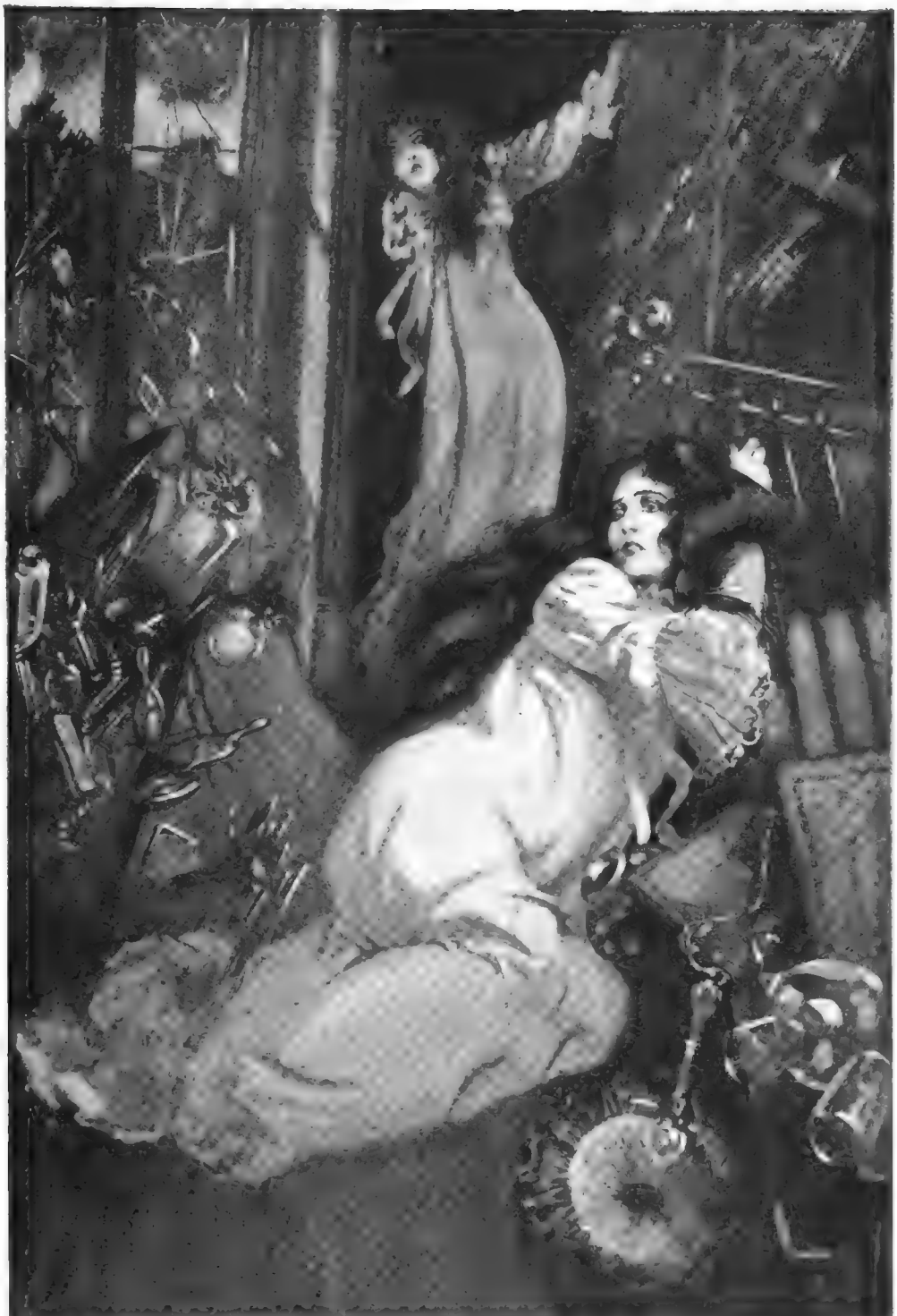

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Even before I thought of clothes I longed to get the most precious of my treasures back into my safe keeping. That was a watch which my mother gave me, and which of all her gifts I value most. I knew that I had put it on the chiffonier, and there I found it; but the chiffonier itself, although it had kept its legs, had lost its place, for it was now standing peacefully far away from the wall against which it rested before the quake began.

I was overjoyed at the recovery of my treasure, and put the watch on first of all, before I started dressing, so that I could have it in security. I also placed round my neck a pearl chain which I prize, and put on my fingers two or three favourite rings.

Then I dressed very hurriedly and very startlingly. I think that in the circumstances both performances were justified.

I put on a pale blue skirt. Even in my agitation and excitement I felt that that was not enough. I looked swiftly around, and saw, hanging on a hook, the white cloak which I had worn the previous night when coming from the opera.

I snatched the cloak and put it on; then, feeling that not Mrs. Grundy herself could chide me or criticise adversely, remembering what had happened, I prepared to go outside, even to the stage of resolving desperately that I would descend the seven flights of stairs. True, they were steady now, although contorted. But even then I felt dissatisfied with my appearance. I wanted something more, and I looked around again.

I went to the wardrobe where my things were stored. In front of me was a white hat covered with plumes, and a black hat covered with plumes. I debated—yes, call it vanity or what you will—which I should put on, although in a dull sort of way I believed that the end of the world had come. I decided in favour of the black hat, because I felt that I might have to cross the bay by ferry, and a black hat would show less dirt than the white creation. It was a wrench, for the white hat was much more becoming than the other. There was an abundant supply of dirt about just then. Having gone so far, I went a step beyond, and to complete the picture as well as I could, and battle triumphantly with the dirt, I chose a pair of long black gloves.

I was glad when I was ready, and my mind was at rest about the white hat. It was a very beautiful hat, and I had only worn it once. The world might still be kind enough to hold together, and give me a chance of putting it on again.

In my wonderful raiment I sallied forth—and by way of the seven long staircases, too. I hated and dreaded them, but they served my purpose of reaching the street below. I had done one other thing, which was perhaps the most sensible of all—I had taken my purse. It had not much in it—only about ten dollars, say two pounds—but all I wanted was a cab to take me to a hospital where my sister was lying.

Ordinarily the fare would have been something like seventy-five cents—about three shillings—so I supposed that even with the sudden rise in cab fares which was sure to have taken place, I should have enough to see me through. Not even the most callous driver could humanly expect more than about a dozen times his legal fare.

Everything had a twisted look, and in the buildings I saw great cracks, through which I could have put my arm.

The streets were full of madly agitated people. Talk about dress! I had been wonderfully cool compared with some people, in spite of my cowardice, for men were at large in nightgowns and pyjamas, and women were correspondingly attired. They had been shaken out of their sleep, and they had simply rushed into the streets.

I saw a solitary cab, a "night-hawk." I hailed the driver and told him that he must take me to the hospital.

He was a compassionate cabman. Ordinarily three-quarters of a dollar would have satisfied him, and there must have been a twinge in his conscience, for he said warningly: "It'll cost you two and a half dollars!"

I jumped in gladly. "Drive on!" I cried. I put my head out of the window—yes, black-hatted—and I kept it out all the time. And my constant cry was: "Drive faster! drive faster!" A fever of impatience held me.

A man suddenly appeared in the roadway and shouted: "Stop! stop!"

The driver obeyed.

The man said: "If you're looking for death, you're going the wrong way!"

I did not know what he meant until he added: "It's down town."

Then I looked behind me, and saw that the most terrible part of the disaster was to come—San Francisco was already burning.

It was all like some terrible dream—how could it be otherwise? And it was in a vague, imperfect sort of fashion that at last I reached the hospital, and joined my sister and her nurse. I was thankful, indeed, that she was safe and well. She told me that my

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brother had been—we American girls have the best brothers in the world, you know, and, of course, the best husbands and fathers—and had shouted: "Where's Anne?"

"At the Palace," my sister told him, and he had dashed away to the hotel to find me. Meanwhile, I was worrying along to the hospital in my "night-hawk." Then—but that was not until later—my father joined us, and I felt as glad as I could be in the circumstances. All my own people, who were at that time in the city, were safe, and that was enough for me. Nothing else counted just then.

Just before eight o'clock in the morning I said to my sister: "Things must be awful down town. The soldiers are going by, and they say that ever so many people are being carried away. Let us go and see."

My sister agreed, and she and I and the nurse left the hospital, and began to go down the asphalt sidewalk.

Almost instantly there was another dreadful quake, and the pavement opened right out under our very feet.

That second shock was very severe, but because the first had caused so much destruction, it was not possible to tell how much damage was due to this.

We went back to the hospital—somehow even the inside of a building, with all its possible dangers, did not seem so terrible as the open air, with its horrors nakedly revealed. There were little shakes all day, and at six o'clock at night my sister exclaimed: "I'm not going to stay here any longer."

"Very well," replied the nurse, "we'll go out."

We went, and we got some boards which were lying about. A young man brought them and put them down, and we set to work to make some sort of bed or ambulance for my sister. A friend of ours appeared. She also had a nurse. Her husband fetched a mattress for her, then he brought one for my sister, and we put our invalids gently down and prepared to do what all the people of the city got so used to doing, and that was to camp for the night.

Terrible as the day had been the night was far more dreadful. The quake had wrecked the mains, so that when the inevitable fire occurred there was no water to quench it with. San Francisco burnt furiously, and the only way to check the flames was to blow the buildings up with dynamite and keep the fire from spreading. So, while we drank coffee and ate such food as we could get, we watched the fire and listened to the savage booms which told of the merciful destruction by the explosives.

And all through the night, showing strangely in the lurid light, I watched the people who were hurrying from the region of the fire to places of security. They made the strangest sights you could wish to see. They had rescued all sorts of odd household gods, many of which were worthless, or became so because of their rough handling. For instance, one man went past carrying a picture, by the frame, it is true, but in order to get a hold for his hand he had thrust his fist through the canvas.

Parrots, canaries, and other feathered pets were carried in their cages, dogs were led or followed their owners, and one of the most curious sights was a cat being led on a string.

Mercifully for us frail human beings, suffering cannot endure for ever, for there would be no Survivors' Tales of any sort to tell, and an end came to that long night of dread.

Next morning we drove through the fire line to reach the ferry, in order to cross to the opposite shore, and get away from the shattered, burning mass of buildings which had been San Francisco.

When at last I was on the huge ferry-boat, and had time to pull myself together a bit, my senses returned, and I began to look about me. Naturally, I looked at myself first, and found that I was more wonderfully dressed than before, if that was possible.

I had hurried back into the hospital to change my clothes, and had put on a black cloth tailor gown, and over that a short red skirt, covering the two with my long coat. On the ferry-boat I was not a bit afraid, and I saw the incongruity of my attire. I improved it a little by removing the red element, but I do not suppose that anybody noticed the oddness of my garb. People were too much stunned, too deeply absorbed in watching the finish which the fire was putting to the dreadful work of Nature.

I left the West as soon as I could get away. I got clear of San Francisco and the ruins, but the terror of the quake was with me all across the American continent. Often enough in the train I would jump up out of my sleep, believing that the whole of the catastrophe had returned; then I would recognise that I was in a Pullman sleeper, and would settle to rest again.

And what of the cherished white headdress? Well, I suppose the fire got it.

Anyway, I do not grieve about the hat any more, because it is out of fashion.

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About Arabella

Her Marriage, Her Motives in Contracting It, and Her Disposition, set Forth in Letters from Various On'ookers.

By Owen Oliver.

What Mrs. Pinch said:

I am not one to speak ill of anybody, as you know, *but*— Yes, I mean Arabella. She has left us—for good, I am glad to say. I understand that she is to be married to-morrow. The man is twice her age, but she deliberately set her cap at him from the moment we were aboard the ship. He happened to be wealthy, and—Yes. It's her own affair, as you say. *My* conscience is clear, luckily. Nobody can charge *me* with advising anyone to marry for money.

You wouldn't have thought her mercenary? I daresay not. You don't know her as I do. Two years we kept her and clothed her, and treated her like a fine lady; too much of a fine lady according to *my* ideas; but Mr. Pinch always said: "You can't send your friend's child into the kitchen, and if anyone is going to live with us she'll have to be treated like one of the family." It was his doing that we took her on the cruise in the Mediterranean. I should never have dreamt of such a thing myself, but he argued that he was making a bargain with the company for a round sum, and she wouldn't make much difference because she'd share the cabin with Mabel; and of course I didn't want the girls to have a tiresome child at their skirts all the time, and Arabella could manage her, and that's more than anyone else can!

Mrs. Pinch.

Of course, I supposed that she would keep her place, and not take advantage of being in the saloon to make out that she was one of the party; but she talked to everybody just like you or I would. Still, I never dreamt that she was carrying on with that poor man whenever she was out of my sight. I thought she would have enough to do to look after Mabel; but a woman named Gay took a fancy to the child, so my lady was free. However, I didn't know that then, and it came upon me like a thunder-clap! When I gave her a piece of my mind the last morning, she was insolent—absolutely insolent! She said she'd never come inside my house again, and went off with his sister, who'd come to meet him; and she's to be married from there to-morrow.—Write and tell me? Not she! But Mr. Pinch talked a lot of twaddle about feeling responsible for a young girl, and went there to inquire about her.—You wonder that I allowed it? Well, my dear, between you and me, she seems to want to have Mabel for a time; and of course he's well-to-do, and if they choose to take a fancy to the child, I can't stand in her way; and really it will be a relief. She's very trying.

No. I never thought much of Arabella; but I should have imagined that she was the last girl in the world to run after a man for his money. It shows how easy it is to be deceived in people!

What Mr. Pinch said:

Yes. We've lost Arabella. I miss her a good deal. She was a kind little girl, and she did a lot of things for me, and for Mabel. She was always good to Mab. Poor little Arabella!

What's become of her? She's going to be married. The fellow's all right. He's well off—very well off; but he's turned forty, and she's only twenty-two.—No You can't

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always go by age, as you say; but he is a grave, rather stern man, and she was so bright and lively. I miss her laughing and romping with Mab. Well—he has money, you see, and he offered her a good home; and I'm afraid she wasn't too happy with us. You know what women are!

You see, Mrs. Pinch felt that Arabella was rather an expense to us. She was, naturally, but not so much as you would think. She was very handy about the house, and she managed Mabel. The child's a bit tiresome; but she's all right with anyone who understands her. She has a good heart, a very good heart, bless her! She misses Arabella.

Arabella's father was an old schoolfellow of mine. He lent me some money when I was hard pressed twenty-five years ago. I repaid it, of course, but—but you never repay an obligation, and I was glad to have the girl as far as I was concerned. She *was* pleased to see me when I went over to his sister's. I'd have liked her to be married from here. However, I've sent her a little present, and—so has Mab; but you mustn't mention it. Her address? Certainly. I'll write it now. She'll be pleased that you remember her. She was always so grateful for any little kindness. Yes. We'll hope that she'll be happy, but I wish she could have stayed here, till she met some nice young fellow, more of her own age. Poor little Arabella!

Mr. Pinch.

What Miss Pinch said:

I never did like Arabella, and I don't, and I never shall; but I scorn to tell other people what I know about her. They soon find out for themselves what she is—sly and deceitful and underhanded and vain and forward and ungrateful!

They are by no means her only faults; but I always tried to make allowances for her. I put up with a great deal; but the thing I *couldn't* stand about her was her fine-lady-ism! She seemed to think that she was just as good as we were! You'll hardly credit it, but when we were on the trip—it was father's doing that we took her—she actually asked me to lend her one of my dresses for a dance on board. I explained to her that people wouldn't like it if they were practically forced to dance with anyone in her position; but even after that she had the impudence to dress up and go to the fancy dress ball! She pinned bills of fare all over her old muslin—the stewardesses put her up to it—and called herself "The Menu."

You never saw such a ridiculous get up!

Why, the whole thing wasn't worth a pound. She'd had the muslin two seasons, and it was only one and eleven-three to begin with, and my dress—I was Mary Queen of Scots—cost fifteen pounds! And they actually gave her the prize for the best costume! But they always do give it to those who make an exhibition of themselves. I understand—Pretty! *Umph!*

However, I forgive her, and *hope* she'll be happy; but, if a girl marries a man twice her age for his money, she has only herself to thank if she suffers for it. And she will. You mark my words!

What Mabel Pinch wrote:

Darlingest Bella,—

I send you a mirrer for your weding present so you won't have to riggel about to see your back in the glas. I do hope you'll be happy and mother will let me stay with you when she's got over it. It's reel silver and the lion's on the handel, and father helped me by it, and it's a sekrit, and mother doesn't no. She's awfuly ratty!

I miss you dredfuly, becourse they won't read to me when I'm in bed, but father does sometimes and cook.

Thank you for the sweets and the dieabollo (I don't think it's speled rite). I court it ten times on Tusedy, and it droped on Rover and he houled. Don't tell Mr. Graham I'm so norty becourse he won't let me come if he nose, but you are yewst to it. I do wish you hadn't gone, darlingest Bella.

Last fortnite's repport was not very good. I had five inattention marks and twice late. They don't bussel me off like you did. We make the new teacher mad. The cat has got kitens, and cook is keeping the tortusshell in the woodshed for you. It muse and muse, and its tung is verry red. She and Ann send there love to dere Miss Mason—but you'll

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sune be Mrs. Graham. I have put kises at the botom. Write soon darlingest.

Your loving
MAY.

P.S.—I will be good when I come to your house. Be sure you tell him.

P.S.—Tell him I'm a nice littel girl. I do want to come.

P.S.—I was forth in Arithmettick and second in Frensh, and you mite tell him that to. Don't tell him that the repport said "speling caperble of mutch improofment." I want to come.

P.S.—If you tell him I orfen said he was a good sort he's sure to let me come, and I could bring the kiten.

What Mrs. Gay said.

We had such a nice lot of men aboard—Women? Ye-es. There were a good many; but they were a dull lot, except a dark-eyed little puss, who was a dependent of some people named Pinch. They were terrible, except the father, and a naughty little youngster of eleven. I rather liked the child. She reminded me of myself!

The wife was a great delight to me. She was manœuvring to catch our only rich man for one of her four grown-up daughters. The puss was manœuvring, too! So I helped her by taking the child off her hands sometimes. Mrs. Pinch angled a little too long, and just when she believed he was going to bite—*I* didn't!—the puss hooked him! I *was* pleased.

I saw the hooking as it happened. I was sitting out a dance, and she and the man took a seat close by. It was at the fancy dress ball. She had got up as the "Menu." Major Dalton and I were the judges, and we gave her the prize because we thought the little thing hadn't had a fair show. The fellows chaffed her, of course, and when they wanted a dance they asked for something on the bills of fare. She was telling the man about it in her jolly, laughing way: "I've kept the roast-beef and ices for you, if you want them," she said, and he caught hold of her hand—so far as I could see in the dark—and said: "I want *you!*" I caught the words quite distinctly.

MABEL.

I'm not sure that I was

MRS. GAY.

really pleased either. It's a good match for her, and better than living with those dreadful people, but——Well, *I* had the chance of marrying money, you know; but I married Jack!

What the Purser said.

I tell you, Peggy, these trips are nightmares! They expect dances and concerts and entertainments every night; and the wretched purser has to provide them. Well, he gets home to his little missus for a few days between — Is she? Well, *he's* glad too!

The people? Oh! Much the same sort as usual. There was one affair that amused me a good bit though. There was a terrifying woman named Pinch, with four marriageable — and unmarriageable!—daughters, and a nice, quiet husband, and a most wicked imp of a small girl—jolly little kid! She had a sort of companion, nurse and general factotum; the prettiest girl aboard, except a gay little lady by the same name of Gay. A *good* little soul, and not a spice of harm in her—Mrs. Gay, I mean—if she did flirt a bit. Suspicious Peggy! Well, I didn't, old girl.

Where was I? Oh! The Pinches. Yes. The old woman was trying to catch

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a rich fellow named Graham for one of her brood. Cinderella, as I called the girl, was trying to catch him for herself. Mrs. Gay played with the child to leave Cinderella free for the chase; and she landed him easily. Everyone saw how it would end, except the Pinch woman. Her rage was delightful, when she found out that Cinderella had fitted the slipper. Why didn't *you* go in for a millionaire, Peggy, instead of a poor wretch of a purser? Yes! You always were silly! You dear little thing!

THE PURSER.

What the General said.

Trips don't mean places to me. They mean people — You're right. They're a distressing study, our fellow men. Our fellow women are worse, I think—Mrs. Hambleton excepted. I consider my wife a wonderful woman, and I don't care who knows it, sir!

One of our fellow women disillusioned us on the trip. Frances was quite upset about it. We used to say that she was the sort of girl we'd have liked to have, if we'd ever had a daughter. Smiles for everybody!

She was about one and twenty; an orphan, and dependent on a family named Pinch. The women Pinches treated her disgracefully. Frances thought of offering to have her with us, at the end of the voyage. I don't think she was ever so taken with anyone. Well, the girl ended the voyage engaged to the richest man aboard; a fine man, I'll grant, but twenty years older. I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays. Their hearts are anatomical organs; just anatomical organs, sir. We know too much about our organs nowadays; a deuced sight too much!

THE GENERAL

They were very different when Frances was a girl. She was the shyest creature you ever knew; but she almost proposed to me, if you'll believe me, sir. And why? Because I was poor, and got in a hobble, like a hot-headed young fool, and was trying to exchange and go off without speaking to her. "You called me your friend," she said, "and I think you are a man of your word, Captain Hambleton. You were going to leave your friend without telling her. Why?" "Why?" she said again, and looked at me. "Because I can't ask my dearest friend to share my trouble," I said. And she just looked at me again. "It is rather hard to make her ask *you*," she said. And we'd talked as if this girl might have been Frances's daughter! I don't know what the world is coming to!

What Mr. Graham said.

Yes, I am going to be married—Yes. Caught at last! It's the sort of thing that might happen to any man, you know. She's a good excuse. Here's her photo—Yes, she's young.

Umph! Oh! Put it frankly if you like! I'll save you the trouble and put it frankly myself. She's barely two and twenty. She's unusually pretty. In age and temperament she is quite unsuitable, I presume you would say; but I suppose I know what I want. She was dependent on a set of—— The man and the little girl were all right, but his wife and elder daughters were simply horrible. The poor child was a sort of Cinderella. I wasn't exactly a prince, but I suppose she'd have married any decent fellow who came along to get away from them, and have a home of her own. I own all that. I don't flatter myself that she fell in love with a solemn, middle-aged man like me, but I do believe that she likes me. *She's going to like me better!*

Yes, yes. I know. Liking's on one side of the sea, and love's on the other; but I must put up

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ARABELLA.

MR. GRAHAM.

with what I can get. I *had* to have her. I knew it the moment I saw her laughing with the child. They were like a pair of children together. I'll keep her young and smiling, please God. She may be going to marry me for my money; but she wouldn't marry me for my money if she didn't like me pretty well. Sometimes I even think that it wasn't just for my money, but—but it's easy for a man to be a fool!

What Arabella said.

I don't think I shall call you Robert now we are married. Why, I am going to call you Bob! Bob—I want to tell you something. You can look out of the window at—at cows and things—and not at me.

I always meant to say it when we were married, because—because I am not nearly so silly and thoughtless as you think I am. I am quite serious, please, Bob.

You see, I notice things when you don't think I do, and I understand you a great deal better than you understand me. I knew you'd laugh, but it's true. I understand what you think when you look thoughtful sometimes, Bob. *Shall I tell you?* I know some things are best unsaid; but some are best said, and—Bob, you think that I married you for your money! Well, not for that exactly, but because I wasn't happy, and wanted a home. I wasn't, and I did; but that wasn't why I married you—No, no! Wait a minute. I want to tell you in my own way.

Do you remember when we came aboard? And May—my dear old May! She *must* come to stay with us—tarred her hands with a rope? And you told me how to get it off with grease instead of soap? Well, I liked you directly—liked you so much that I told you about myself there and then, because I wanted you to like me, and I didn't want you to do it thinking that I was anything but what I was. So I explained that I was only a sort of companion; and you smiled and said: "I shall feel very lucky if you will be 'a sort of companion' to me on the voyage." I wished that the voyage were going to last for years and years. And now it is, and—and you will travel with someone who loves you, dear!

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The Story of a Frustrated Advertisement.

By Bram Stoker.

When Peter Jimpson, the professional swimmer, had won all the prizes to be had in the towns of Southern England, he thought that the time had come when he should attempt the possibilities of London. He was the more encouraged in the idea because his young son, whom he had brought up to his own calling, had developed quite a genius for his work. Not only could he swim so fast and stay so well that his father looked upon him as a future champion, but he had manifested a decided ability as an aquatic actor.

His tricks were always amusing, and, whether in the humours of a duck chase or exhibiting possibilities of the disasters which may happen to the imperfect swimmer, he showed undoubted power. Peter, therefore, determined to turn young Peter's gift to advantage. He had long known that to win the attention of magnificent, rich, indifferent London, some sort of *coup* is necessary; there are so many workers of all kinds in the vast metropolis that merely to work is only to be one of many.

So all the early summer the two Peters rehearsed a little aquatic *scena*—that of a drowning boy rescued by a brave passing stranger. Many a time and oft, and always in secret—for the elder Peter impressed on his son the absolute necessity for silence—they went through every detail, till at last Peter junior could simulate the entire dangers and possibilities of an immersion.

He would fall into the water in the most natural way in the world; would struggle violently with his hands above water and his mouth open, after the manner of the ignorant; he would sink and rise again with strange portions of his anatomy appearing first above water, as though forced up by an irresistible current; he would gasp and choke and go down again; rise again with only his hands above water, and clutch at the empty air with writhing fingers in a manner which was positively heartrending to witness. Then the proud father knew that in his son were all the elements of success.

Wherefore they took their way to London. Having surveyed the various bridges they fixed on London Bridge as the scene of their exploit, and the hour when the afternoon throng was greatest as the time. They had several consultations, for it was necessary to be circumspect; the bridge was always well-furnished with police, and on two occasions they had noticed that different men had eyed them curiously, as though they were suspicious characters.

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However, they fixed on every detail of their plan, leaving nothing to chance. As the construction of London Bridge does not allow of a small boy who is simply passing along to fall off by accident, and as to climb the parapet is at least a suspicious act, they arranged that Peter, having ascertained that neither passing barge nor steamer made a special source of danger, was to throw his son right over the parapet, and immediately jump after him.

They felt that in the excitement of the rescue—which they knew so well how to play—the crowd would instantly line the parapet, and would lose sight of the seemingly lethal act. They anticipated a rich harvest of praise, and possibly of a more tangible kind of reward; in any case, their fame as swimmers would be noised abroad.

Next day at the appointed time, when London Bridge was almost a solid mass of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians, they made their enterprise. Having seen that no barge or steamer was close, they moved to the pathway over the very centre arch of the bridge on the down-river side as the current was running up.

There Peter, suddenly seizing the boy, hurled him with a mighty effort over the parapet into the water, and the instant after began to climb after him. But just as he was gaining a footing a man rushed forward and caught him by the ankles, and dragged him back upon the pavement. Peter turned on him furiously, and saw that his captor was one of the very men whom he had seen watching him on a previous occasion.

"Let me go!" he cried, "let me go! I must save my boy!" and he struggled frantically.

"A new way to save him, to throw him over the bridge!" said the man, who held him in a grip of iron.

"My boy! my boy! I must save my boy!" cried Peter appealingly to the crowd.

"Your boy will be saved if the bravest fellow in England can do it. Look there!" came the answer, and the crowd began to cheer; for just at the moment another man leapt upon the parapet, and, throwing off his coat, dived into the river. Some of the crowd helped to hold Peter, who struggled wildly, none the less that he had recognised in the man who jumped from the bridge another of the men whom he had seen watching him.

The tide was running so strongly up stream that young Peter was in a second or two after his immersion carried under the shadow of the arch, and close behind him his rescuer also disappeared from view. There was an instant rush across the bridge, and in a moment the up-river parapet was black with people, all looking eagerly for their coming through the arch.

The seconds seemed ages; but at length those exactly over it saw the body of the little boy drifting along just under the water, and turning round as it came. As soon as the bridge was cleared, and the sunlight reached the water above him, there was a violent struggle, a kicking about of the little chap's arms and legs in seemingly a death-struggle. And then the horrified spectators saw two little hands rise above the water, clutch violently at the air, and sink again. Then the angle of refraction became too great, and even those on the centre arch could see no more.

There was a deep groan from the crowd; which, however, turned to a cheer as a man swimming overhand with a powerful stroke swept through the arch in the wake of the missing boy. A thousand hands pointed to where the child had gone down, and a thousand voices roared a thousand different directions. But the swimmer seemed to know instinctively the right spot, and making for it, turned head foremost and went down into the deep water to search for him.

There must have been some strange currents running round the piers of London Bridge that tide, for suddenly the crowd seemed to realise all at once that the boy's body had risen out of the water not directly in the track of the stream, but at a spot some dozen or more yards on the Surrey side. In the moments that had elapsed the little chap had had time to draw his breath, and in the stillness around—for the roar of the traffic had ceased for the moment—the crowd heard his faint cry:

"Oh, father! father!"

There was an instant shiver through the crowd, such as is seen when a sudden breeze sweeps over a cornfield, for instinctively everyone had turned his head backward to look at the guilty father. The fierce howl that swept from the mass of people showed that it was just as well that a strong force of police now surrounded the prisoner, or his life might have been in danger.

In the meantime, the man had risen from his dive and the boy had again sunk; again the crowd roared and pointed, and the man had with a few powerful strokes gained the place. This time, however, he did not dive, for he knew that he must be ready to

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seize the body when it rose again, for it would be the last chance.

The crowd and the man alike waited in fearful suspense. The swimmer was a keen-eyed, powerful fellow; he raised his head well above the water, and kept looking all around him. It was well that he did so, for by another effort of those strange currents round the piers the boy's body rose down the river this time, having travelled against the current, and being still close to London Bridge, where the great crowd could plainly see.

The swimmer seemed to jump forward in the water, and with half-a-dozen mighty overhand strokes came close and seized the boy by the back of the neck, and raised his head out of the water. The boy could not see him from the position in which he was held, but he again shouted, "Father! father!" but this time in ringing, joyous tones, which reached the crowd from Surrey to Middlesex.

By this time boats were coming up and down the river to the rescue, and it appeared to be well that they were at hand, for it seemed to be no easy task to rescue a child. The man who had appeared to swim so powerfully when alone seemed, now that he was hampered with the boy, to be hardly able to support himself.

Boy and man struggled together in a little maelstrom of their own creation, and more than once went under water, leaving only a mass of froth to show where they went down. Once, though, after such a disappearance, the boy rose first, and appeared to be making frantic efforts to get away; but the instant after appeared the man, who, with seemingly renewed vigour, followed him up and again caught him by the nape of the neck, and then never let him go—over water or under it—till the two were taken into the police boat, the man gasping, and the child seemingly senseless

Then a mighty roar arose from the watching crowd. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and the rescuer looked proud as he waved his hand in recognition, sitting in the stern of the boat, and holding on his knees the little chap, who had now opened his eyes, and only struggled faintly as though by instinct. Then the boat took its way to the river police-station, and the crowd went about its business, all except two sections, one of which followed the boy and his gallant rescuer, and the other the father, under arrest for attempted murder.

At the police-court the magistrate was sitting, and when Peter Jimpson was brought into the station he was told with policeman pleasantry how nice it would be that he would not have long to wait for his committal. Somehow, he did not seem to see the joke—it is wonderful what a difference in point of view there is between the inside and the outside of the dock—especially in matters of humour.

However, he began to think, with the result that when he was brought before the magistrate he found himself prepared to make a clean breast of his ill-starred effort to achieve notoriety. A policeman who had been on duty on London Bridge had from a little distance seen him throw the boy into the water, and the man who had first laid hands on him, John Polter, testified to the same; the charge was therefore simple enough, and no time was lost.

When in the court the charge was entered upon, Peter Jimpson made his explanation, saying that all that had been done was with his son's consent and connivance, simply in order to bring their names as swimmers before the public. To which the magistrate drily replied that such a course was apt to be attended with misapprehension, and was not devoid even of serious risk, as doubtless the grand jury would let him know later on.

Whilst the proceedings were at this stage a great cheering was heard outside, and very soon the rescued boy and his rescuer entered the court. Young Peter, with every appearance of regret, corroborated his father's statement as to his having been a consenting party to his immersion; whereupon the rescuer indignantly said:

"And do you mean to say, you little wretch, that you tried to deceive the public by a base pretence of danger? Oh, boy! boy! I feel a certain love for you since your life is due to my own valour; but I trust that such an acted lie shall never again be due to you—even in part!"

The boy covered his eyes with his hands, and his voice was broken as he answered:

"Oh, your worship, I ain't agoin' on such a racket never no more. This brave, kind gentleman has taught me a lesson which I'll never forget!" And he took the man's big hand in his two small ones, and bent over it and kissed it, whilst there was scarcely a dry eye in the court, even the magistrate being visibly affected. Peter Jimpson was about to say something angrily, but the clerk of the court motioned him to be silent. Then the rescuer, who gave his name as Tom Bolter, spoke:

"May I ask your worship to dismiss the case. I wouldn't go for to take the liberty of

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Just at the moment another man leapt upon the parapet, and, throwing off his coat, dived into the river.

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speaking only as how it was me what saved the boy at the risk of my life; and mayhap on that account you'll let me say what I feels. These here two professionals has been trying to rig up a bit of biz, but the chance was against them, and they got queered. No doubt but it'll be a lesson to them not to play tricks again with the feelins of the public! It's a harrowin' up tenderness; that's what it is, and I am sure that if your worship will let them off this time they will never go for to do it again. Isn't that so, mateys?"

Both the Peters pronounced eager acquiescence; so after some deliberation the genial, bald-headed magistrate said:

"Peter Jimpson, and you, too, Peter Jimpson junior, I trust that the severe lesson which you have this day learnt may not be thrown away upon you. You must always remember that any form of fraud is obnoxious to the law; and this was distinctly a fraud on your part. Perhaps—indeed, I am satisfied, that you thought it an innocent proceeding enough; but let me tell you that there was manifest throughout the *mens rea*, which the law holds to be a necessary part of ill-doing—the intent to deceive. I am convinced that you, Peter Jimpson, fully intended to follow your son into the water, or otherwise I should have by this time committed you for trial on the serious charge of attempted murder, and for this reason I shall dismiss the charge; but I trust that as you lay your head on your pillow to-night you will breathe a warm and earnest prayer for that most gallant fellow, Thomas Bolter—that most excellent swimmer and master of the art of life-saving, to whom you owe so much!"

There was great applause in court, and a voice in the back of the crowd said, "Good old Bolter!" but the crier instantly called, "Silence in the court."

Then Tom Bolter stood forward, and pulling his forelock respectfully, said:

"Your worship, what I done I done for the dear child's good; but I thank your worship all the same for the kind and useful—and I hope I may say true—words which you have spoke of me. I'm only a unknown man in London as yet; but I am sure that before long you'll hear of me in connection with saving life from drowning. When that time comes I 'ope as you, your worship, and all these 'ere ladies and gents as has done me so proud to-day concernin' my gallant act'll remember the name of Tom Bolter, and come and see me, even if you have to plank down your money for it. My service to you, your worship, and you ladies and gents all!" and Tom Bolter retired from the court amid a murmur of applause, the court emptying after him in a stream.

Outside there was soon a buzz and hum of many persons speaking, for each of the chief actors in the river episode was surrounded by a group of sympathisers or admirers.

One little group of sporting-looking young men stood apart listening to a betting man, whose calling was writ large on every square inch of his face and clothing.

"Well, blow me tight!" they heard him say, "if that ain't the very cheekiest thing I ever see done; and, mind you, I've seen a few."

"How do you mean, Sam?" came the chorus of questions.

"'Ow do I mean? Why, this, that the bally court and the 'ole bloomin' lot of yer is took in! They've been playin' yer for suckers, the 'ole bloomin' lot of yer."

"Who has, Sam?"

"Why, them two Northern chaps, Polter and Bolter, the champion swimmers of the Tyne. They've come to London to give an exhibition of life savin' at the Hippodrome, an' I've seen their printin' lyin' ready till their chance come. 'Polter and Bolter, the 'Eroes of the Thames,' is wot they're down as, and I've seen them the 'ole of last week prowlin' round the bridge lookin' out for a chanst. My stars! but they done it fine; but the kiddy is the daisy of them all!"

In the meantime, in the group round the two Peters, the boy's voice was heard above the babel:

"I tell you he's the bravest chap and the finest swimmer in all the world! I ought to know since he took me out of the jaws of death! God bless him!"

Here Peter the elder whispered to him fiercely:

"Stow all that and keep yer 'ead shut! Don't crack him up; keep that for ourselves!" to which the dutiful boy answered aloud:

"No, father, I cannot hold my tongue! I must speak up for the brave and true!" Then he added in a whisper:

"Keep it up, dad! I've settled with them as we came up to the court. They're goin' to open in the Hippodrome and they're to give you and me twenty quid a week to play up to them! You go on swimmin', father, and be quicker in your jumps; but leave the business of the firm to me!"

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Cap and Bells

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

HE: "It is so good of you, darling, to accept me. But even my great wealth, I am afraid, can't make you forget that my grandfather was a common fisherman."

SHE: "Why need I forget it? I will tell everybody about your ancestral hauls, and on your income we will be as happy as the day is long."

* * * * *

NOT ALTOGETHER.

"Are you a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honour," was the reply.

"I mean, were you born in this parish?"

"Na, yer honour. I wasna born in this parish; but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" said the Sheriff.

"Na, sir; I'm jist here about sax year noo."

"Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish?"

"Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year sin', I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm seventeen stane noo, sae ye see that about nine stane o' me belangs to this parish an' the ither eight comes frae Camlachie."

* * * * *

A MERE TRIFLE.

SHE: "You say you would do anything for me, Charlie."

HE (fervently): "I would, darling."

SHE: "Well, you know how frightfully red my hair is; I want you to dye yours red, just to keep me in countenance!"

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

"Now then," said the magistrate, in a loud voice, "Mr. Baumgartner, you were present at this fray. Did Murphy, the plaintiff, seem carried away with excitement?"

"Nein; he vos carried away on two piece poardts mit his head cut."

"That will do. You may stand down."

* * * * *

THE REASON.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN: "Johnny, why was Damocles afraid to eat his dinner when the sword was suspended over his head by a single hair?"

JOHNNY (who does not like being patronised): I s'pose he was afraid the hair would fall into his soup."

* * * * *

ALL HE WAS FIT FOR.

A forlorn Irishman, reduced to the last stage of poverty and destitution, as the last resource made inquiry at a marine store as follows:

"D'ye buy rags and bones here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then, be jabers," said Pat, "ye may put me on the scales."

BEGGING A PRIVILEGE.

Old Farmer (dismayed at length of menu): "Look here, I've eaten from thar to thar, can I skip from thar to thar, and eat on to the bottom?"

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Railway Official: "Is this the man who has just saved the train from destruction?"

Several Bystanders: "Yes, this is the man."

Railway Official (with emotion): "My friend, you have saved a hundred human lives, and many pounds' worth of property. I will see that you are rewarded. (To subordinate) Wilkins, make a collection among the passengers."

QUITE SIMPLE.

Flaxie is a bright-eyed little girl, and she has the bad habit of sucking her thumb. The other morning her mother was combing her hair, and Flaxie, as usual, had her thumb in her mouth.

"Flaxie, Flaxie," reproved her mother, "don't do that. What would you do if that thumb should break off?"

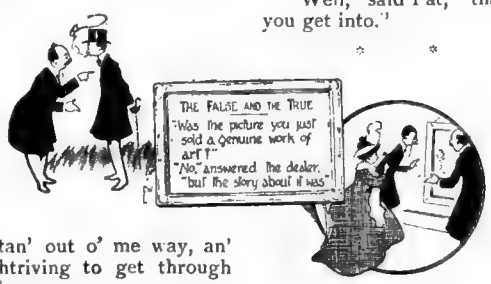
"Suck th' oder one, mamma," replied the incorrigible.

* * *

HIS OBJECT.

O'ROURKE: "Phwat's come over yez, Mr. O'Toole? Yez seems to be painting that house for a wager."

O'TOOLE: "Whist! Stan' out o' me way, an' don't shtop me. Oi'm shtriving to get through before me paint gives out."



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HOW HE DID IT.

"Yes, our little four-year-old is such a comfort and such a help to me," said Mrs. Eastside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room now playing with little Dorothy." (Raises her voice) "Wal-ter."

"Yeth, mamma."

"Are you taking care of little sister?"

"Yeth, mamma."

"What are you doing, Walter?"

"Oh, I'se des playin' I'se a barber, and I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor." (Excited tableau.)

* * *

AN ALTERNATIVE.

OLD RICHFELLOW (desperately): "If you refuse me what is there left for me to do?"

SWEET GIRL: "Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favour of the woman who refused him, and then went and hanged himself."

A ROWLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day, and the Cockney, wishing to take a rise out of Pat, asked him if he was good at measurement.

"I am that," replied Pat.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman.

"Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you get into."

* * * * *

AN ACCIDENT.

"What did you break the window for?" asked the Court.

"I didn't intend to do it, your worship. Ask the policeman if I did."

"No, sir," corroborated the officer. "He was throwing the brick at his wife."

* * * * *

GETTING PERFECT.

A gunner belonging to the Territorial Army was constantly checked for carelessness when on sentry in not paying proper compliments to his superior officers. One day, however, he intended to do his duty, and commenced in this manner:

A young subaltern was passing his post. The sentry abruptly halted, shouldered, and gave the "present."

The young officer was well pleased, but nevertheless remarked:

"Sentry, I'm not entitled to this compliment."

"I know you are not, sir," replied the sentry, "but I thought you were good enough to practise on."

* * *

NATURALLY SO.

"This is a giddy world," said Bangle.

"Well, and why not?" put in Moodies. "You'd be giddy if you did as much twirling as the world does."

A PROGRESSIVE.

"Madame, dot girl of yours make great progress mit her moosic. Before she was always two or dree notes behint me, and now she is always two or dree notes ahead."

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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A STREET TRAGEDY.

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RESTITUTION.

"You have stolen a kiss!"
That is just what she told me;
"You have stolen a kiss!"
I was guilty, I wis,
And I felt sore afraid
That this sweet little maid
Was about to upbraid
And reproach me, and scold me:
"You have stolen a kiss!"
That is just what she told me.

And what could I say
To this sweet little maiden?
Now, what could I say?
'Twas as plain as the day
That I'd robbed her, alack!
Of that soft, stolen smack,
So—I just put it back,
And with love it was laden;
For—what could I say
To that sweet little maiden?

Stuart Furniss.

* * * * *

A GOOD ARGUMENT.

Veteran: "What do they want with bullet-proof shields? When I was out in India my force faced a galling fire for two hours, and there was no shelter but a little rock for miles; yet though hundreds fell on every side of me, I came off without a scratch."

Listener (meekly): "Perhaps if there'd been more rocks some of the men might have escaped, too."

PROFITING BY ADVICE.

Teacher (meeting slow but earnest scholar with parcel): "Well, Davie, what have you got there?"

Boy: "It's only a herring, sir," and he exhibited one of those humble fish. "You said last week, sir, that fish was good brain food, and as I know I'm very slow to learn, I bought a herring for my supper, so that it will help me for to-morrow's examination."

A COWARD OF CONSCIENCE.

Tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the Bank Holiday trip, and Simkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the hat-rack above, another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up, and finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Simkin's shoulder. Not feeling quite safe it grabbed the voluminous ear of Simkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath, and waited for developments. But Simkins only shook his head slightly.

"Let go, Eliza," he murmured. "I tell you that I have been at the office all the evening."

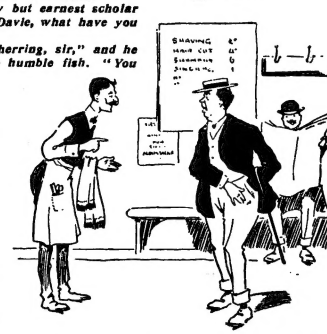
* * * * *

A NOVEL COMPLIMENT.

His wig blew off, and was captured and returned by a nice young lady, to whom the gentleman acknowledged his obligation with: "A thou and thanks, my dear. You are by far the most successful hair restorer I ever tried."

THE DILIGENT ANT.

It is not only man who may with advantage take lessons from the ant; the domestic hen would do well in one respect to imitate it. The white ant lays eighty-six thousand eggs a day throughout the season — an amount that may well cause the hen to feel ashamed of her miserable total of three or four eggs a week.



Customer (uncomfortably): "I fear I have left my money at home."

Barber (confidentially): "If you will sit down for a couple of hours, sir, while my assistant lathers your face and calls you 'Your Royal Highness' it will impress customers so much that we won't bother about the twopence." (Customer leaves his watch and flies for his life.)

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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Boatman (airing his political views): "And wot I says is, there's too much of this 'ere cryin' of 'back to the land.' What do you say, guv'nor?"

ON THE BEACH.

I love to sit upon the beach,
My back against a boat, and muse—
Shell pincushions at sixpence each
To buy, however, I refuse.

I love to watch, through half-closed eye,
The little wavelets ebb or flow—
'Til contemplation's banished by
Another Punch and Judy show.

I love to dream the hours away
In perfect peace—and only waken
Six times in half-an-hour to say,
I do not *want* my portrait taken.

I love—but when I try to rise,
And find I'm sticking, fast and hard,
My feelings, doubtless, you'll surmise.
That boat had just been freshly tarred!

Ada Leonora Harris.

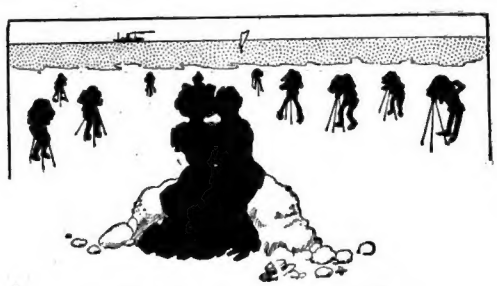
* * * * *

INSULTED.

The other night Mr. Fredericks, who is the check-taker of a music-hall, was accosted by a small boy who proffered him three coppers, and at the same time demanded a check for the gallery. Mr. Fredericks surveyed the lad, and coldly remarked, as he noticed his indifferent attire:

"But you've got no collar on!"

"No collar!" cried the boy; "no collar! Why should I? Do you take me for a dawg?"



SEASIDE SILHOUETTE.

A young couple who are very much taken with each other.

AN IMPROBABLE STARTER.

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Expect to be?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man of good health and good habits. Mamma says that he must be frugal, industrious, attentive, and moral; and I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. We are still looking for him."

* * * * *

BELITTLING.

There is an amusing story—amusing, that is, to the reader—of a guest at some Highland lodge, who overheard this dialogue between his ducal host and head keeper:

THE DUKE: "Donald, young Lord —— will go on the hill to-day."

DONALD: "Well your grace, is he to kill a stag, or have a shot, or only see deer, or just go for a walk?"

Long and terrible was the pause, and painfully excited the interest of the listener, before, in grave, measured tones, the evidently well-weighed and thought-out decision hailed his ear:

"Well, Donald, you may just take him for a walk!"

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Some Advice and Desultory Talk.

RECIPE FOR POETS.

"You are always giving short-story writers elaborate recipes for fiction writing; why don't you do the same for the writers of verse—not poetry; no amount of recipes will teach a man to write poetry—but the light verses of which you publish such a large quantity in THE ROYAL?"

So writes a contributor—a gentleman whose verses I have often published, and who certainly needs no recipe of mine to improve the admirable daintiness and nimble humour of his lines. All the same, I'll take advantage of his letter to say a word on the evil of verse-writing. In the first place, I think he is mistaken in making the distinction he does between poetry and verse-making. A man who has not got the peculiar gift of metrical writing will find it almost as impossible to write light humorous verse as epic poetry. If he is not born with the knack, no amount of teaching will give it to him. Supposing, however, he has the turn for metrical writing, and wishes to get THE ROYAL or its contemporaries to publish his efforts, a few hints may possibly be of use to him.

In the first place, get a definite, clean-cut idea. So many poets sit down with pen and paper determined to versify, but without the faintest notion what they are going to versify about. Then so order your theme that the crux of the story or idea comes in the last verse, if possible in the last line. The style and treatment should be brief almost to baldness. Padding is bad enough in prose; in light verse it is fatal.

As to the form of verse you should adopt, believe me the simplest is the safest. If you are a past-master in versification, express yourself by all means in the elaborate forms and metres of Mr. W. S. Gilbert or Calverly. But the worth of the verses seldom depends on their form; it's the style and the subject which count.

LADY HUMORISTS.

It's a curious fact that while only one out of almost every fifty humorous stories which I receive is written by a woman, quite half, and, on the whole, I think the better half, of the humorous verse that comes into my office is from the pen of lady writers.

How do you account for this? It may be that feminine humour finds its best expression in tabloids, in short witty sentences, and is incapable of long sustained effort. They say women have no sense of humour. That's nonsense, of course. Woman's humour is different from man's. It is more wit than humour: it tickles the brain more than the heart: it produces intellectual appreciation rather than laughter.

AN "EXPLANATION!"

Which reminds me that I have at last received an explanation from the gentleman who, as I told you last month, had copied out a poem of Tennyson and sent it to me as an original contribution. I had written very peremptorily, demanding his reasons for this outrageous transaction, and had waited long for an answer. Here it is, and for sheer cheek it seems to me hard to beat:

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, the only excuse I can offer is that "Rizpah" seemed to me so fine a poem that I wished to make it better known. Yours truly, ——."

Did you ever hear humour to equal that? Making it better known by getting some editor to republish it under this extraordinary gentleman's signature, and no doubt pay this extraordinary gentleman a nice round sum for the contribution! His "explanation" resembles very closely the excuse of the butler who, when tackled for systematically pilfering his master's wine, excused himself by remarking that it was really such an excellent brand that he couldn't help himself.

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